

P O E M S:

CONSISTING OF

MODERN MANNERS,

A U R E L I A,

T H E C U R A T E,

A N D

OTHER PIECES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

*BY THE REV. SAMUEL HOOLE, A. M.*

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

V O L. II.

Poscentes vario multùm diversa palato;  
Quid dem? quid non dem?— HOR.

---

L O N D O N:

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A U R E L I A;

O R,

THE CONTEST:  
AN HEROI-COMIC POEM;  
IN FOUR CANTOS.

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR MDCCLXXXIII.

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*Quàm multa injusta ac prava sunt moribus!*

TER. HEAUT.



## ADVERTISEMENT.

AS many Readers may be unacquainted with AZÄEL, the chief Agent in the machinery of the following Poem, a short summary of those absurd rabbinical Fables which relate to that Demon, is here extracted from the First Volume of Ancient Universal History.

It was supposed by Josephus, Philo Judæus, and several others, that Angels, before the flood, were enamoured of women; but this opinion was chiefly propagated by a forgery entitled The Prophecy of



#### 4      A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Enoch ; which asserts, that when men were greatly encreased, they had daughters of such excellent beauty, that the *Egregori*, or watching angels, fell in love with them, and proposed to one another, that they should go down, and attach themselves to the daughters of Eve ; to which SEMIAZAS, their prince, agreed, after they had sworn that they would not, by receding from their resolution, leave him to bear the guilt alone. They accordingly descended on the top of mount Hermon, and in the year of the world one thousand one hundred and seventy, chose themselves wives, to whom they communicated the arts of magic and enchantment. AZALZEL, or AZÄEL, one of the princes of these offending angels, taught the working of metals, particularly gold and silver, and the methods of fashioning various ornaments for the women : he also instructed them in the preparing of cosmetics,

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T. 5

cosmetics, the polishing of precious stones, and the art of dying. In like manner each of the *Egregori* revealed certain pernicious secrets to his wives and children; by which means folly and wickedness prevailed greatly over the earth, and the arch-angels were commanded to bind the princes of those transgressors, and throw them into the Abyss, there to be kept to the day of judgment.

SHAMHOZAI, or SEMIAZAS, is said by Bereſhi Rabba, in his commentary on the sixth chapter of Genesis, to have repented of his crime, and, by way of penance, to have hung himself up between heaven and earth, in which posture he yet remains; but AZÄEL continuing impenitent, still presides over the toilets of women.

Such is the short account of the imaginary Being, which the author of this poem has employed as the

## 6     A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Demon of Fashion. With respect to the work itself little is to be said, and indeed a writer cannot say too little of his own performance: yet he begs leave to observe, that although part of this Poem, which was written several years since, may be said to resemble Pope's most excellent satire of the Rape of the Lock, yet it is hoped that it will not be thought a servile imitation. His fair readers will not, surely, think him guilty of any disrespect to the sex in general, if he has endeavoured to throw a feeble shaft of ridicule at some of the prevailing follies of our modern *fine ladies*, who seem to imagine that they were born for no other end than to dress and to be admired.

The ladies of Britain have too much personal beauty to need any assistance from art, and too much natural understanding to make it necessary for them

A D V E R T I S E M E N T. 7

to depend on their outward charms alone for admiration and praise.—But the richest soil, it has often been observed, if neglected or ill managed, will produce the greatest abundance of weeds, and that mind, which might have been capable of the noblest exertions, will often, from the bias of preposterous education and the contagion of evil example, be fixed on the most trifling and absurd objects.

FEBRUARY 1783.

# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF KING CHARLES THE FIRST

IN WHICH IS CONTAINED A FULL AND COMPLETE

RELATION OF ALL HIS DEEDS AND SAYINGS

FROM HIS FIRST COMING TO THE CROWN

UNTIL HIS DEATH

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH

AND OF THE MOST EXCELLENT

OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH

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## C A N T O I.

**O**F BEAUTY long confin'd in FOLLY's chain,  
 Misled by FASHION and her gaudy train,  
 Of evils springing from that thirst of praise  
 Which fires the youthful dames of modern days,  
 Which taught them first the various arts they know,  
 " Brought Drefs into the world, and all our woe,"  
 I sing; Ye Nine ! the wonderous tale rehearse,  
 And lofty actions found in lofty verse.

O'er eastern hills, pale-gleaming from afar,  
 On wings of silver flies the Morning Star;

Now

Now red-cloak'd faints to tabernacle creep,  
Forget their worldly cares, and fall asleep;  
And now, their heads with empty baskets crown'd,  
Their garments tatter'd, and their hair unbound,  
To Billingsgate the black-eyed virgins throng,  
Whispering soft murmurs as they march along,

KITTY, bright handmaid of the brightest fair  
That treads the plains, or breathes this smoaky air,  
Had watch'd from closing eve till rising morn,  
Impatient watch'd AURELIA's slow return;  
Who, tofs'd on Dissipation's restless wave,  
Lost half the worth which liberal Nature gave:  
But gentle KITTY, now a coward grown,  
No longer could endure to watch alone;

Soon

Soon as her mistress to the rout repairs,  
Impatient JOHN ascends the winding stairs ;  
With him, no more she fears nocturnal shades,  
That haunt the dreams of solitary maids,  
His magic presence awes th' intruding sprite,  
And lays the dreaded goblins of the night.

Warn'd by those sounds that tell the coming day,  
In haste she sends her guardian saint away ;  
For now the last nocturnal pleasures cease,  
Now midnight-balls the well-dress'd crouds release ;  
The fair unwilling quit th' illumin'd dome,  
For O ! what well-bred nymph can relish home ?  
Th' attentive damsel, listening, seems to hear  
In every noise the rolling chariot near :

Red

Red flambeaus soon its swift approach denote,  
The pondrous knocker from its iron throat  
Sends forth redoubled peals—the hollow ground  
Quakes—while the spacious hall repeats the sound.  
Thus, ere some conquering monarch treads the stage,  
Loud and triumphant notes our ears engage,  
The glad huzzas, the war-announcing drums,  
And brazen trumpets tell—a hero comes !

Now view the Goddess in her easy chair,  
With down-cast eyes, and discontented air,  
Careless she lolls, with toil, with grief oppress'd,  
Regardless of the flower-besprinkled vest ;  
The snowy arm her drooping head sustains,  
And thus, with faltering voice, the nymph complains :

§

L

“ Why

“ Why was I born with more transcendent charms  
Than those which rous’d the Grecian world to arms ?  
Why met in me, for so my lovers swore,  
The grace of DEVONSHIRE, the sense of MORE ?  
Each morn, new offerings on my toilet shone,  
Each morn, new vassals crouch’d before my throne ;  
For me, dull cits, O waste of precious time !  
Forsook arithmetic and studied rhyme ;  
Nay, filken beaus, desponding lovers grown,  
Gaz’d on my charms, forgetful of their own !  
AURELIA’s name to distant lands was spread,  
Where yet the Morning Post was never read ;  
Beyond the tawny nabob’s gorgeous throne,  
And far as routs and masquerades are known.  
And shall these many glories fade away,  
Ere yet one dazzling beauty feels decay ?

O !



O ! rather bear me to the shades of night,  
Where no bright flambeau darts its envied light ;  
Snatch me, half naked, to the frozen pole,  
Where no dear *Solo* steals upon the soul,  
Where no soft youths in shining fatten move,  
Sigh at our feet, and whisper well-bred love ;  
Whelm me, where *NILUS* pours his seven-fold tide,  
Or where black streams through horrid *WAPPING* glide ;  
Bid me no more my dear *BIJOU* cares,  
Or bid me cease to live—or cease to dress !”

“ Forbid it heaven !” th’ observant maid reply’d,  
“ Forbid it honour, and forbid it pride !  
Shall homage cease ere youthful charms decay ?  
Shall the *beau monde*, who view thee day by day,

To whom thy beauties life and being give,  
Forget that by AURELIA's smiles they live ?  
Ah ! no—when HEALTH forgets her GRAHAM's name,  
And KATTERFELTO feels the blush of shame,  
When blooming toasts for rural quiet sigh,  
And gothic sportsmen at an opera die,  
When faints in crouds to theatres repair,  
Then shall the world forget that thou art fair !”

“ Alas, my faithful girl !” the Beauty cries,  
“ Not fancied griefs have wak'd these heaving sighs,  
But base affronts, no belle unmov'd can see ;  
Another shares that homage due to me !  
O may this fatal night through BRITAIN's clime  
Be mark'd with horror to remotest time !

Let

Let no young VESTRIS on this night appear,  
No PACCHIEROTTI strike the ravish'd ear,  
No Rout, no Dance, no pleasure let it share,  
Shunn'd by the swain, and hated by the fair !  
FLORIO, the gaudiest of the gaudy train,  
Pert FLAVIA leads a captive in her chain ;  
Even him, whom nymphs the prince of beaus confess,  
The first in beauty, and the first in dress ;  
The Graces join to form his courtly air,  
Direct his steps—and decorate his hair ;  
His breath more fragrant than Sabeau spice ;  
His teeth proclaim great HEMET's dentifrice !  
No hardy youth his dictates dare oppose,  
Or slight the buckle which his taste has chose.  
Ah ! think what grief a swain like this to hear  
Pouring soft flatt'ry in a rival's ear ;

He

He prais'd her *bon-môts* and her repartee,  
And scarcely said a civil thing to me ;  
O ! how my tortur'd heart with anguish bled,  
To see him smile at all the creature said,  
Though dull as jests which city wits repeat,  
Gothic and barbarous as the beef they eat !  
He prais'd her taste, admir'd her tangled hair,  
Unshap'd and hideous as the Russian bear,  
Vile as the *têtes* that strike our wondering sight  
At country boroughs on a race-ball night :  
How could he ogle such a vulgar she !  
How could he kneel to any nymph—but me !  
When at the board the rattling dice were heard,  
And kings and queens in painted pride appear'd,  
Eager to catch what beauteous FLORIO said,  
I, thoughtless, play'd a heart when spades were led ;

But when I mark'd his love-creating sighs,  
And heard him swear he liv'd by FLAVIA's eyes,  
Such rage, such grief absorb'd my vital powers,  
As Sunday misses feel when caught in showers,  
Or traders, when their shopmen court the muse,  
Or fretful bards defam'd by both Reviews,  
Or parents, who their darling child inter,  
Or modish dames when mantua-makers err !  
My looks, my tears, the secret conflict tell,  
Swift from my conscious hand the tea-cup fell !  
O ! see this milk-white fatten once so gay,  
Alas no streams can wash the stains away !  
But what is fatten stain'd, the faded flower,  
Or rumpled gauze, compar'd to loss of power ?  
What further ill can FORTUNE have in store,  
When thus she bids a beauty reign no more ?



To all the town another idol shows,

To give new laws to subjugated beaus !

And yet, methinks, some joys may sure be found

Without this circle's fascinating round ;

At least we'll try—My proper garb prepare,

Awhile we'll quit this mind-enfeebling air,

Roam through the woods, or tread the spangled mead,

Forget the toil of dress, and learn to work and read."

She said ; and long in motionless surprize

Her artful maiden stands, then thus replies :

" Shalt thou, nor plagu'd with guardian, aunt, nor fire,

Shalt thou, an heiress, from the world retire ?

Shall FLAVIA bear the envied palm away ?

Rather let all our sex's power decay,

Rather let flames consume the solid globe,

And careless MODISH spoil your fav'rite robe !

I know the arts she labours to disguise,  
I know whence all her boasted graces rise ;  
Those charms which gain the creature such renown,  
Are cull'd from every quarter of the town ;  
She buys her beauties at a price immense,  
Her breath from WARREN, and her teeth from SPENCE ;  
Each night her face is wrapp'd in greasy bands,  
And Chinese gloves enfold her arms and hands :  
If such 'a made-up thing can rival thee,  
Let park canals strive with the foaming sea :  
Let Oxford hacks with Pegafus compare,  
And Broad St. Giles's vie with Portman Square !  
But did thy charms such poor assistance need,  
Swift as through Hyde Park frisks the well-taught steed,  
To Persia's realms, or Turkey's shores I'd fly,  
Where bright sultanas in seraglios sigh :

Where

Where soft cosmetics all their powers afford,  
To wake to barbarous love, a barbarous lord;  
In search of washes through the world I'd stray,  
Or to some French perfumers wing my way,  
Where all those treasures of the East they show,  
That Georgian or Circassian beauties know,  
Dust for the teeth, and liquids for the neck,  
*Poudre de Fatmé, Blanc d'Abumeleck.*  
Then, O ! my mistress, rouse your latent power,  
Her triumph is the triumph of an hour ;  
To-morrow, when the long-expected ball  
To yon proud dome the obedient world shall call,  
Go forth in all your pride ; nor go in vain,  
Dart your quick lightnings at this erring swain,  
Show that those eyes have far more power to kill  
Than ELLIOT'S balls, or LEAKE'S wide-wasting pill ;

By heaven ! her sickly charms will fade away  
Like the pale taper at the flambeau's ray :  
Assert your claim, dispute the glorious prize,  
Yours is the triumph, and your rival dies !"

So spoke the handmaid ;—while the listening Fair  
Gaz'd in the mirror with majestic air ;  
" Tell me, dear oracle," she cry'd, " O say,  
Is KITTY right, or does my bloom decay ?  
Say, shall I triumph still, or rule no more ?"—  
The well-bred glass confirms what KITTY swore :  
She sees unthought-of beauties rush to view,  
Nor could she doubt the mirror told her true.

" KITTY," she said, " this fatten I resign,  
This milk-white fatten is no longer mine.

Thy

Thy words, like martial trumpets heard from far,  
Awake my soul, and rouse me to the war.  
But though in me unequal'd graces shine,  
Though Nature cast me in a mould divine,  
Yet still for once, (as well my KITTY knows  
Mere natural charms can win no modern beaux)  
Art shall combine AURELIA's form to deck—  
Send, KITTY, for some *Blanc d'Abumeleck*."

Thus, ere the thundering Hero mounts the car  
Which bears him through the purple fields of war,  
Though giant strength each swelling muscle shows,  
Though in his breast uudaunted courage glows,  
He trusts not solely to what Nature gives,  
From Art the warrior equal aid receives;  
His finewy arms the keen-edg'd falchion rear,  
Shake the swift dart, or grasp the quivering spear,



The joining plates his brawny thighs conceal,  
And every limb is cloath'd in temper'd steel.

Meantime fair KITTY's fingers nimbly move,  
And soon disrobe this second queen of love.  
While her soft hands unbind the lofty head,  
O'er the wide chamber clouds of fragrance spread;  
The scented powders whiten all the floor,  
Like verdant fields with frost-work silver'd o'er.

But pause awhile—no more the theme pursue,  
For hark, her damsel bids the nymph adieu.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

## C A N T O II.

**P**ERPLEX'D with busy thought AURELIA lies,  
While varying schemes in quick succession rise ;  
For all her resolution seems to fade  
When from her side withdraws th' inspiring maid :  
Her wavering mind is now dispos'd to yield,  
And leave her rival mistress of the field,  
When sober Reason shows how mean the strife,  
How vain the business of a polish'd life ;  
Then thirst of sway, which draws the female soul  
Resistless as the needle to the pole,

Glowa

Glow in her heart, and bids her once again  
Renew the contest, and secure her reign.  
At length AZÆL, guardian of the Fair,  
Who makes their toilets his peculiar care,  
Preserves their paint, their powders and perfume,  
The better angel of the dressing-room,  
Wav'd o'er her head his all-controlling wand ;  
Obedient Sleep attends the proud command ;  
Then thrice the demon hurls his spells in air,  
Thrice gently breathes upon the slumbering Fair,  
And, sprinkling clear collyrium on her eyes,  
Completes the charm, and bids the visions rise.

The sleeping maid her toilet now surveys,  
Which taper pins, and sparkling gems displays ;

Sudden

Sudden the gems emit a burning light,  
The pins spontaneous rise, and stand upright,  
From the smooth vase the conscious streams ascend,  
And o'er the painted stand in fountains bend ;  
The combs and brushes from the table bound,  
The boxes rattle, and the glass turns round ;  
She starts, a murmuring noise she seems to hear,  
And three soft sighs steal gently on her ear ;  
Amaz'd she sees her crystal mirror show  
The perfect image of a dazzling beau,  
Who, gazing on her charms, with tender air  
And voice melodious, thus address'd the Fair.

“ O THOU ! the joy of every mortal eye,  
Bright Nymph, Sultana, Angel, Deity !

A captive

A captive Being in thy glass behold,  
And hear his lips the hidden world unfold !  
First know, when Death has seiz'd his pallid prey,  
And drove the spirit from it's house of clay,  
Still dregs of sin man's airy substance stain,  
And darling vices in the soul remain :  
To purge this guilt away, great Jove ordains  
A tedious bondage, or consuming pains :  
Some, clos'd in ice, beneath the northern sky,  
Some chain'd in fires, or plung'd in ocean, lie ;  
Some here on earth in various forms remain  
Fast bound, and with a second death in vain :  
The crafty trader in his warehouse lies,  
Clos'd in a ponderous bale of merchandize ;  
The sleek churchwarden in a poor's-box lives,  
And swallows still what liberal pity gives ;

The



The lawyer, turn'd to parchments, plagues the great,  
Stirs up dissent and litigious hate ;  
In golden coins the pinching miser bound,  
Like CÆSAR shines with regal laurel crown'd ;  
Serjeants, like rods, the master's hand employ,  
And scourge that raw recruit, a truant boy ;  
While scolds, who once the shell of Discord blew,  
Now clos'd in drum-sticks beat the loud tattoo ;  
Bold quacks, whose nostrums soon your fate decide,  
Harden to pills, or into tinctures glide ;  
Drunkards, preserv'd in fiery spirits lie,  
And like rare lizards strike the wondering eye ;  
Gluttons, to soups and oily turtle pafs,  
And the smooth flatterer, shines—a looking-glass.

Such once was I, a dangler to the Fair ;  
Still, as a glass, I praise their dress, their air ;

I teach them how to make each youth a slave,  
 And heighten every charm which Nature gave ;  
 That wretched maid who ne'er with me was blest,  
 Must stay at home, or go abroad undress'd,  
 Ne'er gaze delighted on her blooming face,  
 And mark, each rising morn, some novel grace,  
 Ne'er the dear joy of admiration know,  
 Ne'er hear a sigh, or view a kneeling beau !—

While fix'd on earth, o'er all the imprison'd bands  
 Superior demons wave their ruling wands ;  
 Of us, that near thy sex in bondage lie,  
 The great AZÄEL is the watchful spy ;  
 He, who of old, as learned rabbins say,  
 \* For NAAMAH forsook the fields of day :

Now

\* *For NAAMAH, &c.] NAAMAH, the daughter of LAMECH, supposed to have invented spinning and weaving, is thought by some*

Now round the Fair his guardian wings he spreads,  
And o'er the toilet fragrant odour sheds,  
In thin pomatums thickening oil he pours,  
And damag'd rouge to crimson bloom restores.

At his command behold thy slave appear,  
And thus, by me, his friendly counsels hear ;  
O ! let not Reason's matron voice control  
The gay emotions of thy polish'd soul,  
Think not to quit dear Dissipation's bowers,  
And waste in lonely wilds thy mournful hours,  
But still through flowery paths delighted roam,  
Nor bear, for one short night, to stay at home :

some authors to have been the wife of NOAH, and by others, of HAM ; her name signifies *beautiful*, or *delightful*, and her person is said by some Jewish rabbins to have been so charming that two angels, AZA and AZAEL, or, as he is sometimes called, AZALZEL, fell in love with her, and begat on her demons, called GEDIM.

Antient Universal History, vol. i. p. 160.

What though one triumph grace a rival name,  
A thousand triumphs have secur'd thy fame :  
Go on, nor heed though fops unhurt appear,  
Though envious beauties chafe when thou art near ;  
Fly to the play, the concert, and the ball,  
Be true to FASHION's laws, and conquer all !  
But, O ! beware ! nor let thy fancy stray  
From HER, whom every female should obey,  
Still let thy soul her ruling power confess,  
Great patroness of arts and mighty queen of dress !"

He ceas'd, and graceful bow'd—The glass again  
Whirl'd round, and lost at once th' ærial swain.  
But soon again a creaking noise she hears,  
Its verdant lid the polish'd casket rears ;

Sudden

Sudden erect her oval bracelet stands,  
The painted figure seems to wave it's hands ;  
No more it shews her grandfire's hoary head,  
Lost are his white hairs and his wrinkles fled,  
His dusky brown to glowing scarlet turns,  
And the bright gorget on his bosom burns ;  
A blooming youth, without respect to age,  
Usurps the place where rose the reverend sage ;  
His eyes dart love-sick glances ere he spoke,  
Then from his ruby lips these accents broke.

“ Too-beauteous nymph, thy late admirer see,  
Behold his shade who, living, worship'd thee !  
Thou know'st how late, by the gay world admir'd,  
By nobles envied, by the fair desir'd,



I shone the foremost of the glittering train,  
And scarcely wooed one fluttering nymph in vain:  
I stole the virgin's giddy heart away,  
The wife, the widow fell my lovely prey;  
At length my dazzled eyes your power confess'd,  
Four months you reign'd sole idol of my breast,  
Each art I try'd—but Death, unfeeling, hurl'd  
Th' unerring shaft, and snatch'd me from the world.

Alas! how chang'd the scene! no more I rove  
Through fragrant bowers, and sip the sweets of love;  
Stern Justice o'er me waves her iron wand,  
And thunders in my ears the harsh command;  
For ages bids me here in bonds remain,  
For ages bids me feel unceasing pain.  
While you, bright mortal! breathe this vital air,  
I watch each motion of my darling fair;

Now,

Now, in thy locket's narrow cell compress'd,  
I hang, tormented, on thy heaving breast,  
Or, turn'd to dust, in scented powders fly,  
Or wreath'd in circling curls I helpless lie ;  
Now, balls of soap my tender frame confine,  
Now, in a brilliant, on thy hand I shine ;  
Now, o'er thy head, like trembling feathers play,  
And now in fragrant essence glide away.  
Whate'er the shape my tortur'd soul displays,  
Still on thy lovely form I fondly gaze ;  
Still all the pangs of living dotards prove,  
Still burn with wild desire—for still I love !

When spangled coxcombs at thy feet appear,  
And whisper tender nonsense in thine ear ;  
With hate and vengeful jealousy I glow,  
Watch every look, and curse the happy beau !

Ye Powers ethereal ! must I e'er behold

A mortal's arms my darling fair enfold ?

Gods ! let me ne'er that dreadful moment see !

O ! still remain a maid ! and pity me !—

But hark !— my busy demon cries,—‘ Give o'er

Thy vain complaints, and speak thy woes no more.’—

Brief let me be—This night forbear to join

The nimble band who form th' extended line ;

Secure in minuet dignity advance,

But shun the vulgar, heat-creating dance ;

And O ! where'er thou go'st thy bracelet wear,

And guard the precious toy with all thy care ;

For now my spirit in the frame appears,

And through the crystal seems a fire in years ;

That portrait every evil shall foretell ;

There fix thy eyes, and mark each feature well.

But

But soft—methinks I scent the noon-tide air ;  
Awake ! thy proud habiliments prepare ;  
Awake ! thy glimmering taper just expires,  
The sun-beams pale its ineffectual fires ;  
Awake ! to FASHION bow the bended knee,  
Beware the dance, and O ! remember me !”

The virgin wakes, and gazes round her bed,  
But finds the transitory vision fled :  
Awhile her morning cares are cast behind,  
Awhile the wondrous dream aborbs her mind ;  
But soon laborious thought fatigues the fair ;  
A far more pleasing subject claims her care ;  
Resplendent robes, dear source of female joy !  
Rush to her view, and all her soul employ ;

Now this, now that, pre-eminence obtains,  
By turns the *puce*, by turns the *corbeau* reigns ;  
Where all are fair, what power her choice can guide  
To fix on one, and lay the rest aside !  
At length on high her snowy arm she rears,  
The tassel trembles, and the slave appears ;  
Till KITTY comes AURELIA helpless lies ;  
What nymph without th' assisting maid can rise !

Now o'er her head the spotless coat is thrown,  
And fasten'd at her waist, a binding zone ;  
Then, round her clasp'd, a strange machine behold,  
Like the tough corset worn by knights of old ;  
With ribs of cane and bones of mighty whale,  
It stands erect, impenetrable mail !  
Two hollow cavities on either side  
Receive her well-turn'd arms ; smooth bindings hide

The



The sharp-edg'd bone ; behind an hundred eyes  
Appear, through which the bright tag nimbly flies ;  
Her damsel strains the cord with all her might,  
At length the corset's stubborn sides unite.  
Then o'er the fair is thrown a snowy vest,  
Which veils the beauties of her swelling breast,  
With azure ribband at her wrist is bound,  
And, negligently-falling, sweeps the ground ;  
Such the thin robe of Gallia's smiling train,  
Who proudly name it *Chemise de la Reine*.

While KITTY's hands the rising nymph adorn,  
She tells the wondrous vision of the morn ;  
The servient maiden heard with patient ear,  
Then thus began, like the prophetic seer,

“ To me, long since, were signs and wonders shown,  
To me, long since, mysterious rites were known ;

An aged beldam of th' Egyptian band,  
Vers'd in the noble science of the hand,  
Who distant good or evil could relate,  
The great high-priestess of all-ruling Fate,  
Would oft, to me, her prescient lore impart,  
And teach the wonders of her powerful art;  
With her I strove to mark the branching line,  
And hence the virgin's future loves divine ;  
To whirl the cup, and in the dregs explain  
The coming billet-doux, the kneeling swain ;  
But, more than all, it was my constant theme  
T' explore the secrets of the morning dream.

When airy forms our sleeping thoughts engage,  
Approaching joy and triumph they presage;  
The portrait that usurp'd thy grandfire's place,  
Gazing enamour'd on thy beauteous face,]

Portends

Portends that FLORIO soon, like him, shall prove  
The restless victim of consuming love :  
The dangler, to a mirror turn'd, may show  
FLORIO shall soon a second mirror grow ;  
For, as the glass in which you daily gaze,  
Reflects your smiles, and every grace displays,  
So shall the living youth your image wear,  
And point you out, the fairest of the fair ;  
His praise, the glass to make your charms more known,  
The glass, to shew you to th' admiring town,"

She said—The beauty heard with wild delight ;  
Fir'd by the secret, she burn'd to meet the fight—  
" Bid CHARLES at evening, to the varnish'd car  
Yoke the white steeds to bear me to the war ;

And

And hear, my KITTY, swift as eagles move,  
Prepare the mighty spells that waken love ;  
Let paints and powders, washes and perfume,  
Spread all around and fill the scented room :  
But first, ere yet I hasten to be dress'd,  
Join this rich tucker to my gorgeous vest,  
And let some trusty slave with speed repair  
To call the great artificer of hair."

Th' obedient damsel hears the dread command,  
The shining needle arms her active hand ;  
Now here, now there the slender weapon flies,  
And now it seems to fall, and now to rise :  
Not swifter, as immortal poets tell,  
JOVE's ancient blacksmith thunder'd in his cell,

When,

When, by the prayers of flattering VENUS won,  
He forg'd bright armour for her warrior son :  
The hoarse chief calls, the swelling bellows blows,  
The fierce fire blazes, the bright iron glows,  
The grim slaves pant, the ponderous hammers fly,  
Now founding fall, and now are rais'd on high !  
So toils the maid with equal speed and pains,  
And soon the lace is bound in filken chains.

Now frowning Night up-rear'd her matron head  
In Heaven's dim vault, gay Sol affrighted fled ;  
Now scud through crowded streets the oily band,  
Halt at each door, and lift the flaming brand ;  
Now howling wolves, impatient for their prey,  
From snow-clad mountains take their murderous way ;  
The



The rambling vestal to the Strand repairs,  
And chaunts her firen song, and spreads her wily  
When bright AURELIA mounts her lofty chair,  
Cloath'd in loose robes, unbound her spreading hair ;  
On either side the hallow'd seat behold  
Two trembling tapers, rais'd on stands of gold :  
She gives the word—her maidens usher in  
A stately figure, fallow, tall, and thin ;  
Array'd in, whiten'd garments, like the swain  
Who grinds to dust the farinaceous grain ;  
Thrice low he bends, then, drawing near the fair,  
He shakes a downy puff with graceful air,  
Long, blue-stain'd irons from his striped attire  
He draws, and gives them to the glowing fire :  
While this white pontiff's hands aloft are spread,  
In solemn pomp to elevate the head,

Two spotless virgins of the servient band,  
Close by the shrine in awful silence stand;  
One, puffs and Mar'challe powder lifts on high,  
And gives soft ointment for the deity;  
One ready waits, thin, forked wires to bend,  
Stain'd o'er with black, and sharp at either end,  
And bears those instruments of special note,  
Form'd of smooth ivory, or the tortoise' coat,  
Whose polish'd teeth their various points disclose,  
Some wide extending, some in closer rows.

Her golden tresses, wreath'd in stubborn pride,  
Now form three hollow tubes on either side;  
Thick and more thick the clouds of fragrance roll,  
And brown and yellow dust o'er shades the whole;  
At length, the labour of successive hours,  
In form complete the finish'd wonder-tow'rs.

Th'

Th' impatient virgin to the mirror flies,  
And marks each straggling hair with searching eyes ;  
A damsel then her glittering forfex rears,  
Each straggling hair as quickly disappears.

Meantime, with secret care, her watchful maid  
Art's choicest treasure on the toilet laid ;  
Here blush'd the red, there shone the liquid blue,  
The milk of roses, and Olympian dew ;  
Soon her soft cheek with brighter crimson glows,  
And white more dazzling on her bosom grows ;  
Where the smooth paint obscures the branching veins  
Her steady hand with tint cerulean stains.

At length, complete the beauties of her face,  
The nymph prepares her slender limbs to grace :  
First to her waist a vast machine is bound,  
Which spreads its bending arms to reach the ground ;

Like that fam'd arch, the gay Venetian's pride,  
Which o'er the flood extends from side to side ;  
On this wide curve the shining coat behold,  
The silver trembles, burns the yellow gold ;  
Bright foils, far streaming, dart their vivid rays,  
Here glow like emeralds, there like rubies blaze ;  
The varied straws in rich festoons are hung,  
And filken raffles dance the folds among.

But now her confidante, with anxious care,  
Completes the head-dress of the patient fair :  
Aloft the white tiara rose, behind  
The slender lappets kiss the wanton wind ;  
Amidst her hair the well-plac'd brilliants play,  
Like pointed stars, and form a milky way ;  
High above all the spotted plumes are spread,  
Wave their soft tops, and tremble o'er her head.

The

The glossy fatten fastens at her breast,  
Smooth studs of pearl confine the meeting vest ;  
Her train majestic sweeps along the floor,  
Like the proud robe which ancient monarchs wore :  
A rich bouquet above her bosom rose,  
An hundred gems the mimic flowers compose.

The bracelets next her slender wrists enfold,  
The chains of orient pearl, the clasps of gold ;  
While, starr'd with India's gems, in spendid pride  
The bright repeater dances at her side.

And last she seizes in her snowy hand,  
Her ivory fan, the ensign of command ;  
On the rich mount, where foils and spangles blaze,  
Soft forms arise and tales of ancient days ;  
Here youthful PARIS, with Parisian air,  
Presents the pippin to the curt'ying fair ;

O'er



O'er distant seas from distant climes it came,  
To give dominion to the beauteous dame ;  
Where'er this weapon points, a lover falls,  
The death of foplings and the dread of balls !

And now the snorting steeds are heard from far,  
O'er the firm pavement bounds the modern car ;  
The yellow spokes like rays of glory stream,  
The rolling circles dart a silvery gleam ;  
Rais'd o'er the bending perch, on silver springs,  
From side to side the varnish'd body swings,  
Which, like a mirror, every object shows,  
Burns with the sun, or with the flambeau glows ;  
On the smooth surface blazon'd trophies rise,  
And mystic paintings strike the gazer's eyes ;

Thron'd on a cloud, that almost seems to move,  
Here in proud pomp appears the Queen of love ;  
Before her, hand in hand, the Graces fly,  
And little Loves hang fluttering in the sky ;  
CUPID, adventurous boy, with smiling face  
Besrides the Monarch of the savage race,  
With daring heel he spurs his shaggy sides,  
And, with a touch, the roaring monster guides :  
O'er these, in bending wreaths soft roses twine,  
And round the border mimic jewels shine.  
A lofty feat the charioteer sustains,  
Erect he towers and shakes the studded reins ;  
Beneath him spreads the cloth of yellow dye,  
The varied fringe hangs trembling from on high :  
His steeds, impatient, paw the flinty ground,  
Toss their proud heads and throw the foam around ;

Soft-

## THE CONTEST.

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Soft-beaming crescents on their foreheads play,  
And down their sides the yellow tassels stray ;  
While silver'd trappings bind them to the car,  
Reflect the light and glitter from afar.

The Goddess enters—in majestic pride  
Her *chaperone* is seated by her side ;  
The livery'd vassals at one active bound  
Vault up behind ;—the courfers spurn the ground,  
They snort, they rear ; the flambeaus round her play,  
Tinge the red streets and lighten all the way.

So glaring meteors strike the dazzled eye,  
Blaze as they move, and seem to fire the sky.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

E 2

CANTO.

## C A N T O    I I I .

**W** H E R E the dry'd produce of the grassy plain  
 Lies pil'd in truffles on the creaking wain,  
 Rude in its outward form, there stands a dome  
 Known to the quavering sons of modern Rome ;  
 Here DISSIPATION wears the regal crown,  
 And rules the fluttering insects of the town.

Here all her priests in gaudy trappings wait,  
 And strive with pompous rites t' allure the great ;  
 Now with heart-melting sounds they woo the throng,  
 Touch the soft strings or pour the swelling song ;

Now

Now bid LE PICQ, or THEODORE advance

In all the graces of the Gallic dance ;

And now, with love-devoted masks, they hide

Th' impatient virgin and the roving bride.

To this proud temple modern peers repair

To shew their taste in dress, and charm the fair,

And here, the pleasure-loving beauty flies

To see new conquests and new fashions rise ;

By these absorb'd, the music of the spheres

Would scarcely strike their inattentive ears,

Though oft on thrilling strains they seem to doat,

And melt in ecstasy at every note.

This brilliant night a gay RIDOTTO calls

The race of idlers to these gilded walls.



The world was met—there shone th' expecting fair,

There FLAVIA smil'd, and FLORIO sparkled there ;

Gauze, flowers and gems o'erspread the female train,

And straw, fit emblem of a crazy brain.

AURELIA enters ; ftrait the buzzing crowd

Declare her name, and speak her charms aloud ;

All seem to feel her power, where'er she turns

A rival envies and a lover burns.

Inspiring music sounds—a youth of France

Leads the bright maid to the slow-moving dance ;

Around, in circles, prefs th' admiring throng,

While, with majestic step, she glides along.

As when immortal VESTRIS skims the stage,

Joy of each heart, delight of youth and age !

On buoyant air his floating arms are spread,

The feathers, graceful, dance upon his head,

Now

Now rais'd he stands, with conscious merit big,  
And now twirls swiftly like the school-boy's gig;  
He vaults, then rests upon his rising toe,  
To the loud transport of the pit below:  
The nymph in heedless rapture breaks her fan,  
And every tongue proclaims him more than man!  
Thus on the fair all ranks, all ages gaze,  
And ev'n unfeeling foplings whisper praise!  
Say, all-observing Muse! their names recite  
Who fell her victims that destructive night!  
First, young MILKINO, whom maternal care  
Rear'd in the rural shades of Grosvenor Square;  
Now here an early fate the stripling found,  
The nymph's first curt'sy gave the secret wound!  
Then, as she pass'd, she shot a random dart  
Which pierc'd accomplish'd ZEPHYR to the heart;

LA VIOLETTE; and gentle ROSE-DEW fell,  
 TULIP the gay, and well-dress'd FALLADEL:  
 Lords and Red Ribbons felt the spreading flame,  
 And Knights and Col'nels of inferior name;  
 Ev'n FLORIO, kindling with the soft alarms,  
 Forgot his Paris suit, and FLAVIA's charms;  
 AURELIA's brighter tints victorious prove,  
 For soon he loves—as much as beaus can love !

While for this goddess fights each courtly swain,  
 The slighted belles begin th' accustom'd strain :  
 One speaks her age, but doubles every year,  
 And wonders whence such youthful charms appear;  
 The listening friend looks wise and shakes her head,  
 Then whispers where she buys her white and red.  
 So when a troop of authors grace the pit,  
 To weigh the merits of a brother wit,

If

If loud applause the generous town bestow,  
With angry skill each latent fault they show;  
They pine and fret at every happy stroke,  
And grow more grave with each successful joke.

Now sound the livelier notes; from end to end  
The nymphs and swains in one long line extend:  
Accomplish'd FLORIO asks AURELIA's hand,  
And leads th' exulting maid to join the frolic band,  
Sudden the bracelet press'd her arm—amaz'd,  
On the rich toy the fearful virgin gaz'd;  
The painted figure seems to roll his eyes,  
The lips convulsive move, the colour flies;  
She starts appall'd—she dreads some dire mischance,  
And thrice, with faltering voice, declines the dance;  
The youth, in sounds no female can withstand,  
Persuades, entreats, and takes her yielding hand;

His

His honied words the wavering fair regain,  
 And render dreams and signs and warnings vain !  
 Then through the maze with active bound they spring,  
 The wide floor trembles, the high ceilings ring ;  
 Now here, now there, the crowded ranks divide,  
 Now backward move, now change from side to side.  
 Now through the midst they wing their eager way,  
 And following now in fair procession stray,  
 Now in a mimic cross they beat the ground,  
 And now like circling eddies whirl around.

But FLAVIA, when she sees her swain advance,  
 And lead the conquering beauty through the dance,  
 Springs from her seat, rage sparkling in her eyes,  
 Breaks through the press, and to the chariot flies :  
 Thus, when some ravening tyger of the wood  
 Has seiz'd the fawn and smear'd his fangs with blood,

If,



If, while he drags along th' expected prey,  
The haughty lion chance to cross his way,  
Both, growling, halt—the carcase they surround,  
Extend their claws, and tear the solid ground ;  
With horrid yells the mighty war they wage,  
Their eye-balls flaming with unfated rage ;  
Black blood deforms the grass, the hills the dales  
Refound ; at length superior force prevails ;  
The spotted beast resigns th' untasted prize,  
And, bleeding, to the distant thicket flies.

But while the young delighted scud along,  
The peaceful matrons round the side-boards throng ;  
Here in clear glasses quivering jellies play,  
There candied fruits are pil'd in bright array,  
Streams of sherbet from silver vases glide,  
And sweet orgeat pours forth its milky tide,

Here

Here WELTJIE'S cates, in various forms, entice,  
Smooth comfits, acid drops, and creams of ice.

AURELIA now, o'ercome with toil and heat,  
Forfakes the dance, and seeks the neighbouring seat ;  
But while she moves along with languid air,  
The ladies sneer, the youths too rudely stare ;  
A secret whisper circles through the crowd,  
Some smile, some, more uncivil, laugh aloud ;  
Ev'n polish'd FLORIO, less attentive grown,  
Leads to her seat, then leaves the nymph alone.

"What can this mean ? perhaps some curl," she said,  
"Loos'd from the wire, too negligent has stray'd !"

The pocket-mirror from her hoop she draws,  
And anxious seeks the unsuspected cause ;  
O hideous sight ! a yellow circle stains

Her ivory forehead and her azure veins,

Shook

# THE CONTEST.

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Shook from her hair, the loose dust falling down,  
 Turns the pure lilies to a dusky brown ;  
 Warm dewy drops o'er all her features stray,  
 And mark with varied hues their devious way,  
 Here snowy streams with meeting blue unite,  
 There blushing pink usurps the place of white ;  
 Amaz'd, confus'd, the trembling beauty stands,  
 The mirror falls, all shatter'd, from her hands,  
 Her blood, no longer warm, forgets to play,  
 She hangs her head, and sickening faints away :  
 But soon young ZEPHYR flew to raise the fair,  
 Unfurl'd the fan, and wak'd reviving air.

AZÆL, whom the Fates forbad to aid,  
 Or warn, in clearer terms, th' ill-fated maid,  
 Now on his sounding pinions mounts on high,  
 Shoots through the roof and cleaves the yielding sky ;

O'er

O'er hills, o'er seas, th' impatient demon flew,  
Till Paris' gaudy towers appear in view ;  
High above all proud FASHION's temple stands,  
Wide as the domes of JOVE, tho' built by mortal hands.  
An hundred spacious courts AZÆL pass,  
And reach'd the hall magnificent and vast :  
Great FASHION here, in regal pomp, behold,  
Two grinning apes support her throne of gold,  
Which, rising on a pivot, veers about,  
And shifts by turns to all the circling rout.  
Her party-colour'd vestments seem to glow  
With every gem the mines of India know ;  
Like rays of glory, o'er her sacred head,  
A radiant bow in changing colours spread.  
High in the midst th' imperial altar stands,  
And round in circles press th' adoring bands,

Knights,

Knights, soldiers, peers, and all the female train,  
Dames of Versailles, and nymphs of Drury-lane,  
Observant courtiers near the sovereign wait,  
And, by her side, the ministers of state ;  
Here PRIDE, with frowning brows and scowling eyes,  
Springs from mean earth and seems to reach the skies ;  
He bears a scroll where all his merits shine,  
And all th' achievements of his glorious line :  
Here FOLLY stands in gaudy colours dress'd,  
And gold and diamonds sparkle on her breast ;  
Now loud she laughs and plays with wanton grace,  
Then checks her smiles and wears a graver face :  
Last, tho' not least, fair VANITY appears,  
Her better hand a shining mirror bears,  
Which shows more charms than e'er her person knew,  
But scorns to bring her blemishes to view ;



In this she every moment casts her eyes,

And every moment sees fresh beauties rise.

The demon, pressing through the gaping crowd,

Draws near the throne, and thus exclaims aloud.

“ O THOU ! by milliners and taylors blest’d,

By great practitioners in hair confess’d !

Serv’d by the young, of high and low degree,

Of belles the great, the only Deity !

That wretch becomes, who dares to slight thy rules,

The jest of wtlings, and the scoff of fools,

No merits raise him, and no wreath adorns,

His friends avoid him, and his mistress scorns !

You give the actor more than half his fame,

Your breath can raise or sink the poet’s name ;

If you command \* \* \* \* shall be read,

And POPE with rustics hide his laurell’d head.

You

You turn the stream of wealth where'er you will ;  
You grant physicians liberty to kill,  
Or give the beauty equal power to move,  
And bid dukes, earls, and barons die with love.

AURELIA, fairest of the British fair,  
Now yields her heart a prey to dumb despair ;  
She sees her hopes by dire misfortune crost,  
And half her fame for beauty nearly lost !  
A tribe of artists late have cross'd the sea,  
Who boast of *Letters Patent* given by thee,  
Base, quack perfumers ! who will taint thy fame,  
And plunder those that venerate thy name !  
For though, perhaps, thy hand and seal they bought,  
Their specious drugs perform not what they ought ;  
Their pastes the slightest motion will displace,  
Unfit to spread on any Christian face !

From these, too sure, the faithless compound came,  
Which wrought such evil to the hapless dame.  
Still at thy shrine was seen the pious maid,  
To thee, each morn, her earliest vows were paid ;  
Then, O ! in pity, grant AzÆL's prayer,  
And make thy beauteous votary all thy care ;  
Wipe off the stigma that each envious belle  
Now hastes with eager extasy to tell ;  
Else shall the brightest nymph thy power disown,  
Apostate turn, and bow at Reason's throne.  
O ! grant, great Deity ! some magic hue,  
Some milk immortal or celestial dew,  
Which no rude hand, no warmth can e'er remove,  
And soft and lasting as the glow of LOVE ;  
So shall AURELIA still her power maintain,  
And lead from rout to rout the captive train ;

So shall thy crowded courts new votaries see,  
For all her worshippers shall worship thee!"

He ceas'd—with smiles the favouring Goddess hears,  
Her golden sceptre to the roof she rears,  
When lo! a tribe descend, whose garb exhales  
A richer fragrance than Arabian gales;  
High o'er their heads a waving banner flies,  
Where civet-cats in mimic colours rise:  
A silver Still two menial vassals bear,  
The tribe surround it, and their charms prepare;  
One, in the vessel milky jess'mine throws,  
And silver snow-drops; one, the full-blown rose  
\* Pluck'd by a virgin for a powerful spell  
(While, from the steeple, toll'd the midnight bell),

F 2

On

\* *Pluck'd by a virgin for a powerful spell.*] Perhaps the reader  
need not be informed that it is a common custom with country girls

On that fam'd eve when many a village lass

\* Through the dim porch sees future spectres pass,

Or, trembling, marks the youth she loves the best

† Stalk to the fire, and turn her snowy vest.

Then in the rising steam they gently throw

The little finger of a scented beau,

A glow-worm's tail, the lynx's radiant eye,

The gilded wings of every painted fly ;

O'er these gay FOLLY sheds a shower of dew

Caught from a thousand blooms of various hue,

While

to pick a full-blown rose on Midsummer-eve, exactly as the clock strikes twelve, which, being kept unseen till Christmas-day, is then to be taken out of their bosom by the person destined to be their husband.

\* *Through the dim porch sees future spectres pass.*] It is likewise believed, that those who have the courage to sit all that night in the church porch, will see the shades of those parishioners glide into the church, who are to die the following year.

\* *Stalk to the fire, and turn her snowy vest.*] The ceremony of hanging a shift to the fire on the same evening, to be turned by the future husband, is well known.



While smiling VANITY's impatient hand  
Stirs the mix'd compound with an ivory wand,  
And PRIDE, advancing with demeanour sage,  
Dips in the fuming stew his proving gage ;  
Then, from the tap, a glassy vase they fill,  
And the slaves vanish with the wonderful Still.

The Goddess now her sceptre waves again,  
Lo ! from her footstool rise a female train ;  
A two-edg'd steel, whose meeting points unite,  
Hangs at their side, as polish'd silver bright ;  
One, in her lap, a silken book displays  
On whose red leaves, thin, long-eyed, weapons blaze,  
And one a taper yard majestic rears,  
While round her neck the milk-white thread appears ;  
Each arms her finger with a silver shield,  
And each prepares her slender spear to wield,

The work begins ; first yielding wire they bend,  
O'er this the crape and floating gauze extend,  
With filken chains the fine-wrought lace they bind,  
Which meets in graceful puffs, or waves behind ;  
One, with light hand, the straw-wove ribband spreads,  
One, with wide forfex, clips th' exuberant threads ;  
While midst the snowy head-dress seem to grow  
Such flowers as fancy paints on FLORA's brow.  
At length, with nicest care, the artists place  
Their finish'd labour in a shelt'ring case,  
Lin'd with romances and poetic strains,  
And tender billet-doux from tender swains ;  
Then lay it humbly at their sovereign's feet,  
Thrice lowly bend and modestly retreat.

When thus the Goddess—"Haste, AZÆL, bear  
The gifts of FASHION to the sorrowing fair :

This

This beauty-giving liquid shall bestow  
More lasting bloom than earthly compounds know ;  
And let this gay Tiara grace her head,  
The breath of magic blanch'd each mystic thread,  
This every eve some varying form shall take  
And change with every mode."—The Goddess spake :  
The Sprite with joy receives the precious load,  
Bows to the throne and quits the bright abode.

END OF THE THIRD CANTO.

## C A N T O   I V.

O WOMAN ! lovely as the dawn of day !

Soft as the downy breast of verdant May !

Bright as the golden sun in cloudless skies !

Life of the gay and solace of the wife !

O, why must Folly half your powers impair,

And Art corrupt what Nature made so fair ?

Ere FASHION spread her pestilential band

Through every cranny of the British land,

Ere country ladies quite discarded sense,

And MODES flew down with every *Diligence*,

There was a time when Woman scorn'd disguise,

When nymphs were innocent, and matrons wise ;

When

When undress'd hair was no disgrace to youth,  
And ladies' maids could venture to speak truth ;  
When wives disdain'd the titled slave of vice,  
And lov'd their husbands more than dress or dice ;  
But now, all ranks the garb of Folly wear,  
All ages now the reigning frenzy share !

WHILE great AZÆL, like the God of day,  
Breaks through surrounding clouds his daring way,  
At distance from the busy scene convey'd,  
Her car receives the melancholy maid ;  
Through the dim street the beaming carriage flies,  
Swift as Aurora's wain o'er kindling skies ;  
At length the steeds stop short—the nymph descends,  
Her faithful vassal in the hall attends ;

Up



Up the wide stairs with pensive step she moves,  
Her arm supported by the maid she loves,  
Discerning maid ! for soon AURELIA'S woe  
She marks, and bids her ready sorrows flow ;  
With mutual sighs the vestments are unbound,  
And all the pomp, unheeded, strews the ground ;  
Little they spoke, for grief, too-mighty, wrung  
The swelling heart, and falter'd on the tongue ;  
At length, Her task perform'd, the damsel goes  
To find in homelier sheets more calm repose,

But while in solitude the mourner lies,  
Discordant passions in her bosom rise ;  
A thousand times, with sacrilegious rage,  
She calls for vengeance on the mighty sage,  
Whose long laborious toil and patient care,  
Those arts reveal'd so useful to the fair,

Which

Which bid wan cheeks with sudden roses glow,

And spread o'er swarthy necks unspotted snow :

Nay, strange to tell ! she meditates to fly

From all the joys that beauties prize so high,

To give dress, pomp and folly to the wind,

Neglect her person and improve her mind !

At length a sprite, in robes of poppy dress,

Lights on her weary brow, and lulls to rest,

And now, in dreams, her swift-wing'd fancy roves

To soft-descending vales and rising groves ;

Around her wanton sport the dappled deer,

And woodland music breaks upon her ear ;

Bright sets the glowing sun, his ruddy beams

Fringe the red trees with gold, and dance upon the streams.

A spotless doe, the fairest of the breed,

Springs from the brake and scuds along the mead,

A tribe

A tribe of lovers on her steps attend,  
Mount the smooth hill or down the slope descend ;  
Now, swoln with pride, she meditates the way  
T' encrease her beauty and enlarge her sway,  
With yellow marle the honours of her head  
She smears, and all their shining polish fled ;  
The bleeding bark she peels, a gummy tide  
Streams from the wound to scent her milky hide ;  
Then to the chalky pit she bends her flight,  
And daubs her silver coat with borrow'd white ;  
Now, with exulting bound, she seeks again  
Her wonted pasture, and submissive train ;  
But, ah ! with mute surprize and scorn they gaze,  
Then turn regardless, and at distance graze.  
And now before the virgin's mental eyes,  
An arch of massy silver seems to rise ;

Twelve lofty pillars bear its splendid weight,  
On either side appears an ivory gate,  
Around the freeze soft flowers in many a fold  
Twine careless, the bright cornice flames with gold ;  
High on the top a smiling Goddess shone,  
A single ruby blaz'd her burning throne ;  
Her vest emits a many-colour'd ray,  
And waving flames around her temples play ;  
Th' attractive crown a polish'd magnet shines ;  
A zone of radiant stars her waist entwines ;  
And now she waves her robe, erect she stands,  
And wide, with graceful air, extends her hands ;  
Then thus, while round her mellow pipes rejoice,  
And Doric flutes accompany her voice.

“ Daughters of Earth, who crowd the plain below,  
Whose beating hearts for ADMIRATION glow,

Appear,

Appear, behold her ready to attend,  
And crown deserving worth ; appear, ascend !”

Swift at the sound unnumber'd bands are seen,  
Roll through the arch, and spread o'er all the green ;  
As when the stripling, whose full hands proclaim  
A present from the fond maternal dame,  
Stands on the turf and calls his youthful mates  
To share the blushing fruit and candied cates,  
They run, they fly, all ages round him crowd,  
Extend their hands and supplicate aloud ;  
So, o'er the trampled grass, the females speed,  
And young and old run struggling for the meed ;  
Some throng the gates, but there th' impatient train  
All pent together motionless remain ;

Some



Some fix high ladders to the shining wall,  
Mount in the air, then, giddy, headlong fall;  
Or while, with lifted eye, some fair ascends,  
The ladder sinks, o'erthrown by female friends.  
As, far apart, AURELIA seems to stand,  
A female issues from the noisy band ;  
A flattering mirror at her side she bears,  
And o'er her face a painted vizard wears,  
On which the name of art is faintly trac'd,  
Though by deceitful varnish half effac'd.  
" Why does the brightest beauty of the plain,"  
She cries, " on yonder fabric gaze in vain ?  
Draw near ; to many a fair one have I shown  
A secret path to ADMIRATION's throne ;  
Through that I'll guide thee now." A fleecy cloud  
Receives and bears them o'er the busy crowd ;

A massy

A massy pillar now the airy guide  
Strikes, the firm base obedient opens wide ;  
They mount the narrow stairs : at length on high  
Th' exulting nymph beholds the Deity,  
She springs to gain the prize, th' extended crown  
She grasps— when, lo, precipitating down  
Headlong she falls.—And now a yawning cell  
Receives her, gloomy as the vault of hell :  
The closing roof rejects the cheerful day,  
One crevice only shoots a feeble ray ;  
On the dank floor unsightly reptiles crawl,  
And slimy tracks deform the rocky wall ;  
Masses of ice, in many a hideous form,  
Glare pendent, through rough arches howls the storm ;  
O'er beds of hemlock creeps a muddy stream,  
Which, boiling up, emits a sulphurous steam:

With

With terror all convuls'd AURELIA lies,  
Yet still th' enchanted slumber seals her eyes ;  
Sudden quick-bursting thunders break—the cave  
Nods—the blue lightning flashes on the wave ;  
A rushing whirlwind sweeps along the ground,  
Curls the black pool and heaves it o'er the mound ;  
The pond'rous roofs crack—with the mighty shock  
The ice in shivers flies—from the rent rock  
An azure cloud descends in circling spires,  
Soft as the ray that clothes th' angelic choirs ;  
The curling volumes in the midst divide,  
And roll in fleecy folds on either side ;  
Beneath the lucid arch, in robes of gold,  
A youth appears of more than mortal mould,  
His yellow tresses o'er his shoulders stray,  
Kiss the loose wind and negligently play ;

His feet like silver gleam, a taper wand  
Of adamant sustains his better hand ;  
O'er his fair temples wreathing myrtles twine,  
And all around him beaming glories shine :  
The scene is chang'd, the caverns melt in air,  
Her well-known roofs rise slowly round the fair ;  
Then thus the Genius. " Nymph, dismiss thy fear,  
No evil can approach while I am near.  
Behold the Guardian power whose secret sway  
The wiser females of the world obey ;  
I bid them cast each woman-toy behind,  
And raise to nobler views th' aspiring mind ;  
'Twas I that gave to DUDLEY's beauteous wife,  
(Whom MARY's cruel hand depriv'd of life)  
A nobler fortitude than heroes reach,  
And virtue, greater than the sages teach,

Sweetness of soul beyond what mortals show,  
 And piety like that which seraphs know.  
 And now, in modern days, though rare to see,  
 Behold accomplish'd beauty led by me,  
 STREATFIELD, the learn'd, the gay, in blooming years  
 Forfakes the dance to dry a widow's tears :  
 When hoary Age her Tutor's brows o'erspread,  
 And Sicknefs bow'd his venerable head,  
 O'er the pale couch she hung with filial care,  
 And pluck'd the thorn Disease had planted there.  
 My voice inspires the cultivated mind,  
 Whose polish'd page instructs and charms mankind ;  
 'Twas I directed CARTER's piercing eyes  
 To roll inquisitive through starry skies ;  
 To her the lore of Grecian schools I brought,  
 And rooted in her heart the truths she taught.



I, to CHAPONE, th' important task assign'd  
To smoothe the temper and improve the mind.  
Through MORE I pointed to the paths of truth,  
And rais'd her voice to guide unthinking youth.  
I stood, a favouring muse, at BURNEY's side,  
To lash unfeeling Wealth and stubborn Pride,  
Soft Affectation, insolently vain,  
And wild Extravagance with all her sweeping train ;  
Led her that modern Hydra to engage,  
And point a HARREL to a mad'ning age.  
Ev'n MONTAGU my aiding hand must own,  
That plac'd her high on Learning's polish'd throne,  
That taught her arm the critic spear to wield,  
Foil the fly Gaul and drive him from the field :  
I bade her liberal care receive, cares,  
That struggling merit which the proud depress,

That

That bashful want, which, bending to the grave,  
Shrinks from the pitying hand held out to save.

Nor think that she alone my aid acquires,  
Whom Learning tutors or whom Genius fires,  
On all the smile of favour I bestow,  
Who fly from fashion, vanity and show.

Young as thou art, by custom led astray,  
The pride of beauty and the thirst of sway,  
Yet have I seen thee weary at a treat,  
And scorn a worthless viscount at thy feet ;  
Yet have I mark'd the blush of virtuous shame,  
And honest anger kindling into flame,  
When sister virgins mock'd the orphan's cry,  
And hagg'd Envy breath'd the venom'd lie :  
No porter spurns the trader from thy door,  
Nor does thy hall disdain the suppliant poor ;

Nay, ev'n thy rooms of state will sometimes see

A shabby coat obtain access to thee :

For tho' around thee Folly spreads her net,

She has not quite destroy'd thy virtue yet.

Thy mind indulgent Nature form'd to glow

For nobler conquests than an empty beau,

For higher flights of skill than cards can reach,

And greater science than the dice can teach,

For arts more useful than to raise the lay,

Strike the soft keys, and warble life away,

Or down the dance with graceful ease to glide,

Or check a pimple and a freckle hide.

But modish schools thy early youth misled,

And soon *accomplishments* quite turn'd thy head ;

Thy father lost, no guardian to controul,

The madness of the times possess'd thy soul,

Fed

Fed every hour by Flatt'ry's servile too's,  
Smooth confidantes, dear friends, and fashionable fools.

AZÄEL too, the tempter of thy sex,  
Whose early arts their dawning minds perplex,  
Usurp'd thy heart, and made each effort vain  
To break from Dissipation's silken chain :  
That rage for admiration, worst of foes  
Which Virtue combats or which Reason knows !  
Which, once indulg'd, pervades each stage of life,  
Maddens the maid, the widow, and the wife,  
And, like a torrent, scorning all controul,  
Breaks every mound and sweeps o'er all the soul !  
With that destructive rage thy breast he fir'd,  
And daily strengthen'd what he first inspir'd !

Long hast thou known the care, the toil, the strife,  
That crouds the road of fashionable life ;

Late hast thou found what shame may wait the maid  
Who calls too rashly on cosmetic aid ;  
Now learn that specious art will ever prove  
A foe to beauty and a foe to love."

He said, and strait his opening robes reveal  
Wide o'er his breast a plate of polish'd steel ;  
On whose smooth face AURELIA casts her eyes,  
And wondering sees a gorgeous chamber rise ;  
The toilet first, in all its pomp array'd,  
(True to her sex) attracts the sleeping maid ;  
Transparent gauze enrich'd with spots of gold,  
Hangs round the glass in many a studied fold ;  
Close by its side another mirror lies,  
Which swells each feature to gigantic size,  
And shews what specks diminutive disgrace,  
What coming pimples threat the beauteous face ;



Two marbled volumes on the toilet lay,  
Their slender backs with golden letters gay,  
Which half the specious title-page impart,  
*The Guide to Beauty, Master-piece of Art ;*  
While, in array, the whole cosmetic band,  
Face-papers, wash-balls, creams and tinctures stand.  
Now to the bed the virgin turns her eyes,  
Where, stretch'd in dirty pomp, a female lies ;  
Around her head a circling bandage twin'd,  
Tied with white cords and fix'd with pins behind ;  
Her thick complexion, like the stream that laves  
The clay-bound soil when rains disturb the waves,  
Look'd dark and muddy ; on her hand she wore  
A glove, which seem'd too often worn before.  
“ Behold,” the Genius cried, “ a modish dame,  
Whose bosom panted for ignoble fame,

The

The fame of beauty ; fill intent to win  
By outward charms, the nobler part within  
She scorn'd, as savage tribes th' unpolish'd gold,  
When beads and glafs. their dazzled eyes behold ;  
Tho' Nature gave her many a blooming grace,  
The store of Art was ranfack'd for her face ;  
Now mark the fruit of all her care and pains,  
A fallow hag at thirty ſhe remains,  
Unable to forego the daily task,  
And ſhew her well-known face without her mask,  
But now behold a dame of artleſs life,  
Of equal years, a mother and a wife."  
Soon as he ſpoke, the mimic mirror ſhows  
A fair-one huſh'd in undiſturb'd repoſe ;  
On the plain toilet, with no trophies gay,  
CHAPONE's inſtructive volume open lay ;

Low o'er her forehead, white as Lapland snow,  
Her auburn locks in sweet disorder flow,  
Nature's soft hands th' untortur'd curls adjust,  
Unstain'd with perfum'd grease and colour'd dust ;  
On her soft cheek the blush of morning glows,  
Her ruby lip reveals two pearly rows,  
Her bosom, half uncover'd, brings to view  
Such tints as TITIAN's pencil never knew ;  
While every speaking feature seems to shine  
With peace serene, and purity divine.

“ Observe this winning form,” the Genius cried,  
“ No barbarous arts the charms of Nature hide ;  
Her rouge, the glow which health will ever bring,  
Her sole cosmetic, water from the spring :  
Though Time, at last, each mortal grace devours,  
Long shall she bloom 'midst Beauty's fairest flowers,

And

And when December's hand shall tear away  
The youthful rose of flower-awakening May,  
Yet still a fainter hue her cheek shall grace,  
And paler lilies blossom on her face.  
Far from the reigning mode's preposterous rules,  
She leaves the *straw* to lunatics and fools ;  
And gives, to each attractive feature blind,  
The morning hours to decorate her mind.  
Belov'd and honour'd by the man she chose,  
No wasting cares disturb her sweet repose ;  
While, from the child of Art and slave of Pride,  
Her sick'ning lord disgusted turns aside,  
Curfing the folly which his youth misled  
To take a painted puppet to his bed.

Then learn, mistaken maid, no more to reach  
Those arts which Vanity and Folly teach,

Which

Which wither youth with premature decay,  
Awake contempt, and poison health away ;  
And O ! regard not from this happy hour,  
Ev'n real beauty's perishable flower ;  
Regard no more the pleasures of the great,  
The pride of female dress, the pomp of state,  
For nobler pleasures let thy bosom burn,  
If not to Fame, at least to Virtue turn ;  
For, tho' with harmless sports she seem t' entice,  
The life of FASHION is the life of Vice ;  
Turn then to me, in my strong arm confide,  
A firm protector and unerring guide."

AURELIA heard submissive, thrice she bow'd  
Her head, and thus address'd the Power aloud.  
" Aid and accept, confirm my wavering soul,  
And rule my life with absolute controul !"

" Mine



“ Mine then thou art,” the Genius cried, “ resign

Each lingering vanity, be ever mine !

AZÆEL comes from FASHION’s gaudy fane

To prove thy strength ; may all his arts be vain !

Now let this magic adamant impart

Its steeling virtue to thy feeble heart ;

O ! should’st thou now his proffer’d gifts despise,

From thee for ever the deceiver flies.”

Then with his wand he gently touch’d the fair,

And mix’d insensibly with fluid air.

When now AZÆEL from the sky descends,

And o’er his favourite charge delighted bends ;

But first a mean disguise the wary sprite

Assumes, to veil his form from mortal sight.

Then thus, “ O, Lady, let thy sorrows cease,

Behold I come to calm thy soul to peace !

The

The fairest kingdom of the smiling earth,  
Thrice happy Gallia, gave thy vassal birth ;  
There, where the arts in full perfection shine,  
In early youth I made the greatest mine,—  
The greatest art—cosmetics to prepare ;  
And bid the fairest nymph appear more fair,  
My perfumes to the poles have spread my fame,  
And all the world has heard ENCENSOIR's name !

Behold this wash ! more delicately white,  
More soft, than LUNA's silver-beaming light !  
A bloom like this not HELEN's self could show,  
When pleas'd she rode behind the Trojan Beau ;  
Such lilies far-fam'd NINON never saw,  
Who gave to subject France decisive law ;  
So sweet, so lovely, so divine a hue,  
Ancient or modern beauties never knew !

To thee my greatest labour I resign,  
This wash, inestimable wash ! is thine !  
Then mourn, thrice-honour'd lady, mourn no more,  
This shall thy charms, thy fame, thy power restore :  
Nor shall this liquid transient beauties lend,  
Like that which base pretenders dare to vend.—

And see, thou favour'd nymph, with rapture see  
A prize more worth than gold reserv'd for thee,  
This bright Tiara"—“ Hence ! ” AURELIA cries,  
“ Thy arts I scorn, and all thy gifts despise !  
I know thee foe to virtue, sense and truth,  
Demon of evil, poisoner of my youth !  
Hence ! taint my soul no more ! ”—The virgin said——  
A rushing whirlwind shook the lofty bed,  
A gathering vapour swam before her eyes,  
From which a form gigantic seem'd to rise,

Acroſs a variegated cloud he ſtrode,  
And look'd the ſtately ruin of a God;  
His powder'd locks, that fill'd the circling air  
With rich perfume, were deck'd with ſtudied care;  
Rouge ſtain'd his hollow cheeks; his pinions, gay  
With ſtarry eyes, upon his ſhoulders play;  
A painted wand, the ſymbol of command,  
Glow'd with falſe gems and trembled in his hand;  
His robes, like ſhining glaſs, behind him glide,  
And wave inceſſant as the reſtleſs tide.

“ Ungrateful maid ! unworthy of my care ! ”

The chang'd AZÄEL cried, “ but, yet beware ! ”

Yet once again reflect !—too well I know

Thy ſoul is warp'd by my deteſted foe !

What, wilt thou quit this joy-inſpiring town,

And change thy tiſſues for a linen gown ?

What, wilt thou quit this soul-enchanting life,  
And turn some pedant's, dull, *pains-taking* wife ?  
Think once again, for on this fateful hour  
Depends"—“Avaunt,” she cries, “I scorn thy power !”—  
“Away, my spirits, from this ruin'd maid  
Away !—she proudly spurns my guardian aid !”—  
He said, a second earthquake rocks the floor ;  
Thrice on its hinges springs the heaving door ;  
From 'every casket curling volumes rise,  
The toilet falls, her glass in splinters flies :  
“For ever,” cries the Sprite, “from thee I fly,  
And here resign thee to thy new ally ;  
To-ill made caps and unbecoming looks,  
To country curates and religious books !  
Go ! lost AURELIA, hide thy wretched head,  
For all thy glories, all thy joys are fled !



To some lone gothic mansion wing thy way,  
Where blasted yews obscure the face of day,  
There learn to candy fruits, and mix with boors,  
More barbarous far than Vandals, Cits, or Moors !  
Or seek a foreign grave, some convent's cell,  
Where marble saints with melting sinners dwell ;  
Where captive maids their fatal vow deplore,  
And sigh for pleasures they must know no more !  
There count thy beads, and breathe th' unwilling prayer,  
Forget thy joys, forget thy triumphs there.  
No more shalt thou dear tales of scandal hear,  
No more shall tender flatt'ry sooth thy ear,  
No more shall thousands tremble at thy frown,  
No more thy smiles enliven all the town ;  
Thy conquests now to happier belles resign,  
Remorse and black despair be ever thine."

He said—then frowning spreads his spotted wings,  
And through the yawning roof in claps of thunder springs.

AURELIA starts and wakes—she gazes round,  
And sees, unmov'd, her toilet on the ground !  
Sees, unconcern'd, the ruin'd, glittering mass !  
And all her pride seems broken with her glass !  
Then thus, “ Bless'd Spirit ! by the wise obey'd,  
Who late in dreams reclaim'd an erring maid,  
Hear me renounce the mind-debasing strife,  
And swear no more to mix in modish life !”

She spoke—a voice melodious strikes her ear,  
Sweet as the dulcet lute—“ That Power shall hear !  
I am that warning voice, which still shall guide  
Thy wavering steps, and o'er thy life preside ;  
I am that voice, which late in robes of gold  
Thy fancy cloath'd, and form'd in human mould,

But

But ne'er to mortals was my shape pourtray'd,  
Though many a nymph has heard me and obey'd,  
The fauntering coxcombs of the present day,  
Sedately dull or impudently gay,  
Their best employment fawning to advance,  
And lisp soft nothings in the phrase of France,  
These it were vain to warn, let such be still  
Correct in folly, regular in ill !  
But you, ye Fair, I still must hope to win,  
And rouse the latent sense that sleeps within ;  
O ! could you break through Fashion's monstrous rules,  
And scorn the gaudy flattery of fools,  
Far nobler conquests would your virtues gain,  
And WORTH and WISDOM mix in BEAUTY's train."





*E D W A R D;*

O R,

T H E C U R A T E;

A

P O E M,

I N T H R E E C A N T O S.

---

————— neque enim fortuna querenda

Sola tua est, similes aliorum respice casus,

Mitius ista feres.

OVID.



E. D. WARD,

OR

THE CURATE;

A

POEM

IN THREE CANTOS.

—

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1843.

*E D W A R D;*

OR,

THE CURATE.

---

C A N T O I.

I.

**A**LL is vexation ! said the sapient king,  
 Vexation all, and vanity and wo !  
 And yet, does man, that busy restless thing,  
 Regard the lesson, and his toils forego ?  
 Ah ! deaf to all the sage and prophet taught,  
 Still in this darksome maze he gropes along,  
 Still seeks the wealth or power his fathers sought,  
 And opes his greedy ear to Pleasure's dangerous song.

II. Behold

## II.

Behold the stripling bounding up the hill,  
Each scene attractive, every object new :  
Impatient hopes his swelling bosom fill,  
As the wide prospect opens to his view.  
Soon on some flowery bank his eye he bends,  
Or stately temple glittering from on high,  
While, as he faints, desire new vigour lends,  
And to the chosen spot the truant seems to fly,

## III.

But when the chosen spot at length he gains,  
Its flowers are faded, and its beauty gone ;  
A brighter object now his eye detains,  
Which still, through fresh obstructions, draws him on.  
Thus, hapless wretch ! as wavering fancy calls,  
He seeks a charm that flies as he pursues ;  
Till spiritless, exhausted, lo ! he falls,  
And soon his closing eyes the varied landscape lose.

## IV. O !

## IV.

O! when shall Wisdom's voice be heard indeed?  
When shall weak man his solid interest own?  
When, at the cry of want, shall Avarice bleed?  
And red Ambition cast his honours down?  
When shall the shriek of pain, the moan of wo,  
Be changed to notes of joy and heavenly lay?—  
—When yonder orbs of light shall cease to glow,  
This mighty globe dissolve, and all things pass away,

## V.

Till then, O Pilgrim sad! thy course pursue;  
Let Patience arm thee, and Religion lead;  
Though rough the path, and dreary be the view,  
Behold at length the never-failing meed!  
Nor think that thou, alone exposed to pain,  
Art doomed to tread a solitary road;  
See multitudes severer ills sustain,  
With keener anguish groan, and bend with heavier load!

## VI. And

## VI.

And thou, whose verse a brother's woes would tell,  
With gratitude survey thy better state ;  
From thy faint heart those restless thoughts expel,  
Which oft have led thee to deplore thy fate :  
Thy nerves of sight, in early youth decayed,  
Beyond the power of medicine to restore,  
Lent to thy willing search a feeble aid,  
Just shewed fair Learning's book, and bade thee read no more.

## VII.

What though to narrow, narrow bounds confined,  
Thy knowledge scarce the school-boys lore outweighs,  
While, hating ignorance, thy captive mind  
Pants with the thirst of honourable praise ;  
What though the lone, dull moments slowly move,  
When lost in helpless indolence you sit,  
Yet can you join the chosen friend you love,  
The sage discourse partake, or gay, colloquial wit.

## VIII. What



## VIII.

What though, too oft, for thee some friendly eye  
Must trace the page thou rarely canst peruse ;  
What though some friendly hand must oft supply  
The pen, subservient to thy labouring muse ;  
Yet canst thou view the "human face divine,"  
The blushing flower, the sunny landscape bright ;  
Of Nature's copious volume all is thine,  
Earth and her boundless store, and heaven's creative light.

## IX.

Then mourn no more—be chearful and be wise—  
ALL-SEEING PROVIDENCE directs the whole ;  
Kind when he gives, and kind when he denies,  
Friend, Father, Lord of every living soul !  
By HIS decree the Asian despot reigns  
O'er millions waiting the decisive nod ;  
Nor less HIS hand the menial slave sustains—  
No single sparrow falls without the GUARDIAN GOD.

## X.

ONCE on a fertile, but sequestered spot,  
Where SNOWDEN's top divides the labouring cloud,  
A veteran raised his solitary cot,  
A welcome refuge from th' obtruding crowd.  
Pious he was, though bred to martial rage,  
A scholar too, though war had been his trade ;  
For well he scanned great HOMER's genuine page,  
And, *Render good for ill*, his rule of life he made.

## XI.

Vigorous and rugged was his outward form,  
And Indian suns had dyed his visage red,  
Yet was his heart with human kindness warm,  
At sight of want or wo his bosom bled.  
Soft was his language and his manners bland,  
No slight offences waked his slumbering ire ;  
But when Oppression rais'd its griping hand,  
Pale grew his quivering lip, his eye emitted fire.

## XII. When

## XII.

When Britain called to honourable war,  
His youthful arm her conquering ensign bore;  
Oft had he led his hardy troop afar,  
O'er many a desert drear, and sun-burnt shore.  
And now, his labours past, he loved to tell  
How hosts meet hosts, and foes with foes engage;  
For all the deathful scene he knew full well:  
His tale was sometimes long, the venial fault of age,

## XIII.

A few paternal acres call'd him lord,  
These, with the scanty sum his country pays  
Her worn-out veterans, fed the frugal board,  
And kept from penury his latter days.  
His ruddy boughs a sparkling beverage yield;  
With foreign juice no laughing goblets shine,  
Save on the day that won CULLODEN's field,  
He mixed the yellow bowl, and quaffed the purple wine.

## XIV. Two

## XIV.

Two children grew beneath his forming care,  
The only relicks of his marriage bed ;  
The son intelligent, the daughter fair,  
And both to every social duty bred.  
Oft would the father view, in EDWARD'S face,  
The bloom that once had decked his early prime ;  
In EMMA'S form, her mother's softer grace  
Awaked the tender tear, and called back long-lost time.

## XV.

Scarce eighteen suns had rolled o'er EDWARD'S head,  
Yet sage instruction had matured his mind ;  
When thus the venerable father said :  
“ Now let my son his sphere of action find :  
“ From me but little can my EDWARD gain,  
“ I never fought the toys of power or pride :  
“ The world before thee lies—a spacious plain——  
“ But let a father's voice thy youthful judgment guide.

XVI. “ Ne'er

## XVI.

- " Ne'er let the dangerous trade of war be fought,  
" Severe the toil, but scanty is the meed ;  
" And now I deem it hard (though once I fought)  
" That private men for public wrongs should bleed.  
" Nor let thy hand acquire dishonest gain,  
" By sordid traffic and low-cringing art ;  
" Nor join the sons of strife at THEMIS' fane,  
" To wrest the doubtful law, and screen the guilty heart.

## XVII.

- " But rather, as thy gentle soul inclines,  
" Let all thy studies in religion end ;  
" Serve at her altars, decorate her shrines,  
" Her faithful minister and zealous friend.  
" Slender indeed the means of life she gives  
" To modest youth unpatronized by power ;  
" Yet safe in humble peace the curate lives,  
" No wild ambition fires, no schemes of avarice four.



## XVIII.

- " Perhaps thy merits and thy honest fame  
 " (For ever virtuous will my EDWARD prove)  
 " May win some noble and accomplish'd dame,  
 " Or shew thee worthy of a patron's love :  
 " Yes, ere these eyes in long oblivion close,  
 " They yet may see their darling and their pride  
 " In happy competence and sweet repose,  
 " The pastor of a flock, their father and their guide.

## XIX.

- " Then go, my son, to those bright spires repair,  
 " Where Science registers her favourite names ;  
 " My little substance shalt thou freely share,  
 " To gain the lore thy sacred function claims.]  
 " A friend I have, companion of my youth,  
 " Who now o'er cloister'd striplings bears the sway ;  
 " His voice shall guide thee to the paths of truth ;  
 " Go, and be just, my son, and Heaven shall smooch thy way."

## XX.

The hour arrives—he grasps his father's hand,  
Who scarce restrains the fond, paternal tear.  
“ Be just, my child, be this my sole command,  
“ Thy neighbour love, thy bounteous God revere.”  
He clasps his sister in a fond embrace—  
“ O let my father all thy thoughts engage !  
“ Supply with dutious love a brother's place—  
“ Ye guardian powers protect, and bless his guiltless age !”

## XXI.

Behold the youth in academick bowers,  
His tutor's favourite, and adopted son ;  
In deep research he passed his lonely hours,  
And many a literary prize he won.  
Oft would an idle tribe, the bane and pest  
Of college life, assail his peaceful door,  
Raise the licentious laugh, and impious jest,  
The frequent bowl demand, and drain his frugal store?

## XXII.

At first young EDWARD met this rude annoy  
With brow indignant and impatient eye ;  
But when he found their Bacchanalian joy  
All fear could master, and all shame defy,  
Patient he fate amidst th' intemperate din,  
Till at the last th' obstreperous train agree  
(Hopeless th' intended proselyte to win)  
Some student new to seek—a luckless student he !

## XXIII.

Now, by degrees the scientifick page  
His mind expanded, and enlarged his views ;  
Yet Poesy would oft his thoughts engage,  
For from his earliest days he lov'd the muse.  
And sometimes would he doff his college-trim,  
And launch his little bark from Isis' shore,  
Swift as a dart the bubbling surface skim,  
The swelling sail attend, or ply the dropping oar.

## XXIV.

Thus passed his happy years—in harmless play  
And vigorous study—sport with labour joined.  
Oft would the tutor's eye his charge survey,  
And still new marks of worth or genius find.  
And much he lov'd him for the father's sake,  
Who once his youthful joys and toils partook,  
Together had they shared their Christmas cake,  
Their weakly stipend spent, and conned the self-same book.

## XXV.

At length, in robes pontifical arrayed,  
Within their hallow'd pale the Prelates stand;  
On EDWARD's young, but pious head is laid,  
With grace endued, the consecrating hand.  
Lo! to his care the sacred tome consigned,  
From holy lips the solemn charge is given,  
While, in devotion rapt, his kindling mind  
Springs from this lower earth, and wings its way to Heaven!

## XXVI.

Soon the grave President's o'er-ruling voice  
 Presents our graduate for the vacant seat ;  
 Th' elective band approve their senior's choice,  
 And, in due form, their new companion greet.  
 And now the college jokes, and college wine,  
 Both old alike, the modest youth partakes,  
 He hears what livings wait the young divine,  
 And many a morn from dreams of rich preferment wakes,

## XXVII.

The pittance that his willing fire bestowed,  
 Could just from annual debt the student clear,  
 Now, for his due, the burfar's statement showed,  
 A sum immense ! full sixty pounds a year.  
 He deems his future life exempt from care,  
 He longs the swelling transport to impart,  
 With EMMA all his growing hopes to share,  
 And with a son's success to glad the father's heart.

## XXVIII. Swift



## XXVIII.

Swift o'er the plains he spurs his foaming horse ;  
Now distant far old SNOWDEN's top he spies ;  
No CAMBRIAN mountain bars his rapid course,  
Nor food detains, nor slumber seals his eyes,  
Till in the tranquil vale that gave him birth,  
He views the dear, the hospitable cot ;  
He bounds impatient on the well-known earth,  
And wets with tears of joy the consecrated spot.

## XXIX.

But ah ! extended on the bed of death,  
Behold the venerable soldier lie !  
Benumbing palsy checked his labouring breath,  
Shrunk his stiff arm, and fixed his hollow eye.  
“ My son, my son ! ”—no more his lips could say—  
His cold, cold tongue eternal silence tied,  
He strove to point where fainting EMMA lay,  
Then pressed his EDWARD's hand, serenely smiled, and died.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

C A N T O II.

## I,

**F**ULL many a day in bitterness of soul,  
Such as ne'er bows to earth the wealth-swoln-heir,  
To thick, black woods the pious EDWARD stole,  
And breathed his anguish in the darkened air ;  
Yet oft in EMMA's sight a smile he wore,  
And bade his voice assume a chearful tone,  
The kind deceit betrayed his pangs the more,  
She marked his starting tear and heard his stifled groan,

II. The

## II.

The youthful rector of the neighbouring vill,  
Whose shapeless spire arose their cottage near,  
Was oft their solitary guest, and still  
When EMMA wept, he dropped a kindred tear.  
Full twenty moons had now increased and wained,  
Since here he came the word of truth to preach :  
His blameless life the soldier's praise had gained ;  
“ Who lives so well,” said he, “ is ever fit to teach.”

## III.

Gentle he was, but no proud patron's slave,  
Though at his birth some favouring planet smiled,  
For this fair benefice his prelate gave,  
Ere yet at churches three, six years he toiled,  
Now in soft ease his moments passed away,  
His cultur'd glebe the daily board supplied,  
Fruit bowed his trees, and every quarter-day  
His willing parish paid ten sterling pounds beside.

## IV. Her

## IV.

Her brother first observed the rector's eye  
 Peruse the features of th' unguarded maid,  
 He saw her bosom heave th' unconscious sigh,  
 And her pale cheek in transient bloom arrayed :  
 Their growing love he wished not to control :  
 Where may she find a more deserving mate ?  
 Though mean his fortune, nobler was his soul  
 Than oft is found, I guess, among th' imperious great.

## V.

At length young EDWARD pressed his EMMA's hand,  
 And poured these accents in her gentle ear ;  
 " I go, once more, to join Oxonia's band,  
 " I go and leave a friendless orphan here.  
 " Sweet sister ! all that fate has left me now !  
 " 'Midst these lone wilds shall timid beauty stray ?  
 " Say canst thou dwell beneath this mountain's brow,  
 " No fire to guard thy youth, thy brother far away ?

VI. " How

## VI.

- " How wilt thou pass thy solitary days ?  
" What kindness shall supply fraternal love ?—  
" That sudden blush, dear maid, thy heart betrays,  
" I see thy passion, and thy choice approve.  
" Yes—virtuous HENRY shall thy hand obtain,  
" (Thy hand, a brighter prize than courts afford)  
" Shall guard from every ill and every pain,  
" Each tender name unite—thy father, brother, lord."

## VII.

- He joins their hands, their rustick feast partakes,  
Then mounts his steed, and kindly bids adieu.  
" This poor retreat," he cries, " these dimpled lakes,  
" And grassy meadows, I resign to you.  
" Take them, my brother, 'tis thy EMMA's dower,  
" A tribute which her merits claim from me,  
" An ample revenue yon classic bower  
" Gives to my little wants—the rest is due to thee."

## VIII. Our



## VIII.

O F EDWARD now the seats of learning sought,  
 Were on swift wing the studious moments fly;  
 Yet, when his mind his father's image caught,  
 The tear of recollection filled his eye.  
 Three circling years elapsed, when weary grown  
 Of college talk, and groves and cloisters dim,  
 He longs to see, what books had only shown,  
 The works and ways of men—strange ways, unknown to him !

## IX.

But first to CAMBRIA's hills he speeds his flight—  
 Soon in his arms he folds the beauteous dame ;  
 Her HENRY too.—He hears with new delight  
 An infant EDWARD lisp his uncle's name.  
 Day follows day, the rapid months succeed,  
 Yet still by magic held, he lingers here.  
 At length he breaks away.—Slow moves his steed—  
 Sad Emma waves her hand, and drops a parting tear.

X. Amidst

## X.

Amidst the proud metropolis behold  
The modest student lost in wild amaze,  
On stately domes, and chariots bright with gold,  
And powdered slaves, at first he wont to gaze.  
What restless multitudes in every street !  
All seemed in haste, as having much to do,  
Oft he expects some college friend to greet,  
But every face was strange, and every object new.

## XI.

Uncertain, and perplexed he roams along,  
Then of the crowd he seeks the doubtful way,  
Quick from the heedless youth the thievish throng  
His little oracle of time convey.  
But ah ! his tender breast with pity bleeds  
When forth in troops the wretched females go,  
With aching hearts, through clad in gaudy weeds,  
To want and shame exposed, and drunkenness and wo !

## XII. Just

## XII.

Just ere his tutor dies, the good man's care  
Procures his favourite charge a curate's place ;  
With gown and cassock new, and powdered hair,  
Behold him now a city pulpit grace !  
Mild were his looks, persuasive was his tone,  
His thoughts benevolent, his language strong ;  
The audience, on a sudden wakeful grown,  
Hang on their preacher's lips, nor think his sermon long.

## XIII.

Yet some there were—alas ! mistaken men !  
Who deemed their pastor's doctrine scarcely found ;  
For thundering threats ne'er dignified his pen,  
Nor did his falling arm the cushion wound.  
They joyed to hear the rough voice roaring loud,  
The foaming tongue and flaming eye admired ;  
Perdition dealt among the groaning crowd,  
And all th' enthusiast rant, their senseless ears required.

XIV. His

## XIV.

His maxim, "Charity is all in all,"  
They almost thought it heresy to hear ;  
Their weak, unmeaning cant of GRACE and CALL,  
Would oft at parish-meetings vex his ear.  
But still the better fort, from folly free,  
Watched every word, and every word approved ;  
They saw his doctrine with his life agree,  
The precept they revered, the fair example loved.

## XV.

Meanwhile, at idle hours, with ardent gaze,  
His eye the page of chivalry devours,  
Oft o'er wild heaths with armed knight he strays,  
Or talks with beauteous dames in myrtle bowers.  
But more on MILTON's bold, majestic strains,  
And POPE's harmonious verse he loves to dwell,  
Ne yet DAN SPENSER's fairy song disdains,  
Though quaint the phrase, I ween, it pleased him passing  
well.

XVI. Sometimes,

## XVI.

Sometimes, allured by SHAKSPEARE's mighty muse,  
 SHAKSPEARE, the joy and pride of every age !  
 The mimic splendour of the stage he views,  
 Where, every sense, the magic scenes engage.  
 See ! midnight ghosts the regal tent infest !  
 See ! LEAR, old LEAR, expelled his children's door !—  
 Grief, pity, terror, harrow up the breast—  
 For GARRICK then inspired—but GARRICK is no more !

## XVII.

And musick too (for ah ! his gentle soul  
 Was all unmeet for “ stratagems and spoils”)  
 Musick he loved, and felt that sweet control  
 Which sorrow dissipates, and pain beguiles :  
 Those speaking chords, which Heaven-taught HANDEL  
     strung,  
 His ear enchant, his kindling mind inspire :  
 In mute delight on ACIS' notes he hung,  
 MESSIAH's bolder strains wrapt all his soul in fire.

XVIII. Once,



## XVIII.

Once by the sons of song and fashion led,  
He seeks the dome, in modern times renowned,  
On English boards where foreign heroes tread,  
And vulgar ears with foreign accents wound :  
From Grecian lips he hears the liquid note,  
Old NESTOR pours the modulated strain,  
PELIDES rages through an eunuch's throat—  
These wonders once he heard—nor sought to hear again.

## XIX.

The buzz of crowds, the great man's false cares,  
The rude intrusion of the pert and vain,  
And all the gay impertinence of dress,  
Oppressed and wearied quite our college-swain.  
To him, unpolished elf! more noble seemed  
The rough, blunt hind, than Fashion's fawning crew ;  
And artless village maid more fair he deemed,  
Than dame of high degree, perfumed and painted too.

## XX.

The youth a young collegiate chanced to meet,  
Who held by SEVERN's side his little cure ;  
He boasts the beauties of his calm retreat,  
His woodbine walks, smooth hills, and rivers pure.  
Both sigh for change, and both are soon agreed ;  
The village priest in wealthy town remains ;  
And see, unfashionable EDWARD speed,  
From noise and gaping crowds, to solitary plains.

## XXI.

How sweet the breeze, how fresh the vallies felt,  
The hills how noble, and the skies how bright,  
To him, who long in narrow lane had dwelt,  
Where walls of dirty brick exclude the light !  
On every side our trav'ler casts his view,  
And as he distant leaves the bustling throng,  
More playful-wild his rising spirits grew,  
And, all-unconscious, oft break out in merry song.

## XXII. LOW

## XXII.

Low in a vale the warm dry mansion stood,  
A glassy lake its front reflected shows;  
The east was skirted by a neighbouring wood,  
While on the north a pine-clad hill arose.  
The little garden, sloping to the sun,  
Bears many a flowery shrub, and fruit tree gay,  
And winding walks through groves of laurel run,  
To cheer the weary eye on dull, brown winter day.

## XXIII.

Delighted with the spot, young EDWARD roves  
O'er the smooth mead, and through the tangled dell,  
Explores the centre of the thickest groves,  
And soon each half-trod path he knows full well.  
And now his steps pursue the little rill  
That feeds his lake, the spacious vale across,  
When lo! the stream comes foaming down the hill,  
O'er black, opposing rock, and fragments green with moss.

## XXIV.

Oft would he tread the shades absorbed in thought,  
Or woo, in glen obscure, the favouring muse ;  
Whene'er his mind the glowing image caught,  
His feet would still the beaten path-way lose.  
The founding verse he now repeats aloud,  
Now on the bank in pensive silence sits ;  
The wondering peasant, all unheeded, bow'd—  
“ Our curate sure,” quoth he, “ poor man ! hath lost his wits.”

## XXV.

Yet not again, unknowing and unknown,  
In constant solitude did EDWARD range ;  
With men and manners more familiar grown,  
He loved society, and wished for change.  
Sometimes with wealthy farmer would he talk  
Of grain and furrow'd field, and pasture wide ;  
And now and then with brother curate walk  
To where the neighbouring town their little wants supplied.

## XXVI. His

## XXVI.

His social day and social eve he shared  
With vicar learn'd, or portly yeoman near ;  
But chief the squire (whose fathers had prepared  
For many a grave divine the weekly cheer)  
Gives courteous welcome to his curate young,  
And oft invites to hear the vocal lay,  
Or mellow harp by blooming beauty strung,  
Till EDWARD'S melting soul in pleasure dies away.

## XXVII.

Right proud and wealthy was this rural lord,  
Stern was his brow, commanding was his eye,  
Profuse his table, for the groaning board  
Could half the village train with food supply.  
Harsh was his temper, yet he knew full well,  
That outward polish courts and camps bestow ;  
His fixed resentment nothing could dispel,  
A steady friend he was, but unforgiving foe.



## XXVIII.

The son, a rude, uncultivated boor,  
Of form ungraceful, and of fordid soul,  
No pleasure knew, but while on reedy moor  
He sprung the game, or drained th' intemperate bowl.  
But CAROLINE is all her father's care,  
O ! worthy she of care, and love, and praise !  
Her heart is gentle, and her face so fair  
That senseless clods look up, and wonder while they gaze.

## XXIX.

But though no foil a lovelier flower disclose,  
Nor courts exhibit more attractive grace,  
Yet CAROLINE superior beauty knows,  
Her mind is still more faultless than her face.  
Celestial mind ! cast in celestial mould !  
Such vigorous sense, by elegance refined;  
Such dove like-meekness, with such virtue bold,  
But rarely meet, I fear, in man or woman kind.

## XXX.

Oft does young EDWARD's ear drink in the lay,  
The heavenly lay this breathing cherub sings ;  
Her bower he haunts the livelong summer day,  
While, with her harp, the listening valley rings,  
And oft on winter evening will he sit  
In converse sweet beside the social fire,  
Partake the banquet rare of genuine wit,  
While gentleness and joy her honied lips inspire,

## XXXI.

Thus, with destructive voice, the Syrens sung—  
But ah ! this guileless lady means not so !——  
Yet hear no more, fond youth ! th' enchanting tongue,  
To thee it threatens bitterness and wo !——  
But say, couldst thou, severe declaimer ! say  
Couldst thou the dear, though fatal pleasure fly ?  
From melody celestial turn away,  
And close, to bloom divine, thy philosophick eye ?

## XXXII.

The maid, all innocent, his converse sought,  
And what her ear received her mind retained ;  
The lore of science from his lips she caught,  
Till on her heart Love's sweet infection gained.  
Oft from her bosom stole th' unbidden sigh,  
Her cheek grew warm when EDWARD met her view,  
And now at village church, she knew not why,  
Though still attentive there, she more attentive grew.

## XXXIII.

Thus unperceived both fed the young desire,  
Till the strong passion laughed at all control ;  
In her, though bright, yet gentle was the fire,  
But EDWARD's mightier flame consumed his soul.—  
O thou ! who wealth or fame hast made thy choice,  
Watch the first, faint attack of mining love,  
That moment fly, when once the melting voice  
Or radiant eye begins thy changing pulse to move,

XXXIV. Why

## XXXIV.

Why should I tell, what many a tale can show? —  
The weak resolve, forgot as soon as made,  
The thrilling transport, and the burning wo,  
Which now by turns their days and nights invade,  
Why should I tell? for who has never loved? —  
Each vowed from each to hide the stifled flame;  
But soon, alas! by sudden impulse moved,  
What long their eyes had shewn, their mutual lips proclaim.

END OF THE SECOND CANTO.

CANTO

## C A N T O III.

## I.

**W**HERE the wide park its circling pale extends,  
Far from the mansion's venerable wall,  
A dark, rough hill with sudden swell ascends,  
O'er-hung with spreading fir, and beeches tall.  
Its southern side a richer gloom supplies,  
Grove meeting grove, and shade imbrowning shade ;  
Where hid from garish day a cavern lies,  
Which from the hollow mount the hand of art had made.



## II.

On the smooth floor, bedecked with pebbly stone  
Of many a hue, a little altar stands,  
Here clothed with moss, with ivy there o'er-grown ;  
Above, a sculptur'd faint extends its hands.  
An inner room the matted couch reveals,  
The rude walls many a holy cross display ;  
While through the dim, arch'd window, faintly steals,  
(Once stained with forms uncouth) the many-coloured ray,

## III.

Here, as tradition tells, in days of yore,  
When moody Superstition dropped her beads,  
(O ! happy land where now she rules no more !)  
A wanderer came, arrayed in pilgrim weeds :  
With travel spent, delighted with the gloom,  
For gloom congenial wrapt his cloudy mind,  
He shaped this rugged cave, his living tomb,  
To social pleasure lost, and useless to mankind !

IV. When

## IV.

When burning noon-day glares upon the lawn,  
Amidst the shelter of those lonely groves,  
From every eye, from every ear withdrawn,  
The lovely CAROLINE with EDWARD roves.  
Oft would they stop to hear the ring-dove's moan,  
Sweet sound ! to lover's ears a strain divine !  
Or mark the torrent, from the rude cliff thrown,  
Winding its frothy way through woods of darksome pine.

## V.

One fatal eve, what time the night's pale queen  
Sheds from her rising orb a feeble ray,  
Won by the stillness of the sylvan scene,  
But more by love seduced, too long they stray ;  
The mossy cell their weary step invites,  
The rushy couch a homely seat supplies.  
O ! see the day deserts yon western heights !  
Too inconsiderate pair !—but when were lovers wise ?

VI. Meanwhile

## VI.

Meanwhile her fire an annual feast partakes,  
Where smoke the pasty rich, and haunch divine !  
But now the roaring table he forsakes,  
Oppressed with noise, and politics, and wine.  
Too soon returned, from room to room he hies,  
Then seeks his daughter of the menial train ;  
Swift at the word each ready vassal flies,  
Through walks and arbours green—but all their search is  
vain

## VII.

Now first his mind the dark suspicion caught,  
Sudden he stalks along from shade to shade ;  
At length some demon to the covert brought,  
Which hid the virtuous youth and gentle maid.  
Here, hand in hand, insensible of time,  
They fate—her soft notes floating through the grove :  
The fire, scarce breathing, marks the warbled rhyme—  
Then hears young EDWARD'S voice—the soft low voice of  
love.

## VIII. “ Base

## VIII

“ Base, worthless girl !” the cavern’s hollow side

Reverberates the sound—aghast they start—

“ Glows in thy breast no spark of generous pride ?

“ Is shame, is honour banished from thy heart ?—

“ —And thou, deceiver ! mercenary slave !

“ Practised in guile, and skilful to ensnare !

“ Not those false charms allure—my wealth you crave ;

“ But know, a father’s hate is all the wretch shall share.”

## IX.

“ No dark deceiver I, the youth rejoined,

“ Pure is my love, and mutual is the flame ;

“ Thy wealth attracts not me—know, EDWARD’S mind

“ (Whate’er his state) disdains the sordid aim.”——

“ —Parley with thee, seducer, I detest”——

“ This hireling priest may plead ambition’s fire ;

“ But O thou grovelling girl ! thy harlot breast

“ No passion could inflame, but lawless low desire !”

X. “ Ah !

## X.

- " Ah ! when," with faltering voice replies the maid,  
" When have I merited a wanton's name ?  
" Can virtuous love the noblest rank degrade,  
" Or tinge the modest cheek with guilty shame ?  
" Have not thy lips on EDWARD'S merit dwelt,  
" Prais'd his warm heart, and cultivated mind ?  
" Then must the daughter blush, whose soul has felt  
" The power of native worth by wisdom's gifts refined ?"

## XI.

- " Darest thou avow"—exclaims the furious fire—  
" But hear, degenerate wretch ! and trembling hear !  
" Resolve no more to feed th' ignoble fire,  
" Or for a father's curse prepare thine ear.—  
" For ever from this needy priest to part,  
" This moment swear—or by th' Eternal Power !  
" You here resign my house, my wealth, my heart—  
" And now be his or mine from this decisive hour."

## XII. "O



## XII.

- " O cast me not away ? Behold thy child,  
 " Thus prostrate in the dust, embrace thy knees !  
 " Whose fond endearments once thy pains beguiled,  
 " Whose every word, whose every look could please.  
 " Still, still, to watch thy age with filial care,  
 " The sweet, the darling privilege allow—  
 " Ah ! let me still thy joys, thy sorrows share,  
 " And live for thee alone.—But spare that cruel vow !"

## XIII.

- " O serpent ! dost thou hope to blind again  
 " The doting fool deceived too long by thee ?—  
 " No, to the proof—thy arts, thy prayers are vain—  
 " Renounce thy low-born paramour, or me ! ——  
 " Ha ! dost thou pause ?—Then take a father's hate—  
 " From this cursed day I spurn thee from my door—  
 " Off !—cling not to me thus—'tis now too late,——  
 Thy penitence were vain—I know thy face no more."—

XIV " Then

## XIV.

“ Then, EDWARD, hear a poor, deserted maid,—  
“ When this stern man a father’s name confessed,  
“ My fond, fond soul a prompt obedience paid;  
“ But now no love paternal warms his breast!  
“ Then take my hand—my heart’s already thine—  
“ The laws of GOD and Nature make it free;—  
“ The pride of wealth I cheerfully resign,  
“ And welcome scorn, reproach, and poverty with thee.”

## XV.

Have you not seen the midnight flames arise,  
Burst the strong walls and to the skies aspire?  
So raged the father—from his starting eyes  
Ungoverned Fury darts her keenest fire.  
“ RECORDING GOD! my bitterest curse enroll!  
“ May thy red lightnings finge my aged head!  
“ May pains eternal fasten on my soul,  
“ Whene’er this pitying hand supplies their daily bread!”

## XVI.

He said, and foaming rushes from the grove—  
When thus the youth—" Look up, my CAROLINE !  
" You lose, sweet maid, a selfish father's love,  
" But EDWARD and his little all are thine.  
" What though the sumptuous board you grace no more,  
" Quit the gay chariot and illumined hall,  
" To share a needy curate's scanty store,  
" Yet love and peace are ours, and these are all in all."

## XVII.

Fond youth !—has love such all-supplying power ?  
Alas ! when Competence her gifts denies,  
When Poverty creeps on with aspect frow,  
Love gnaws the heart, and peace affrighted flies.  
Sweet Love ! I hail thee, balm of human woe,  
Of all the gifts of Providence the best ;  
But rather let me ne'er thy transports know,  
Than see a darling wife by fordid want depressed.

XVIII.    Swift

## XVIII.

Swift for a while the joyous moments flew,  
No disappointments sting, no discords wound;  
Each day more fond th' enamoured husband grew,  
Each hour new graces in her lord she found.  
Fly back, ye hours! ye happy days, return!  
At least, O Time! thy rapid wing restrain!  
For why so soon should worth and beauty mourn?—  
But cease, unthinking bard, for man is born to pain.

## XIX.

Scarce on their growing loves twelve moons had smiled,  
When sleep eternal seals her father's eyes;  
With his last breath the wretch disowns his child,  
And all his wealth the son's excess supplies.  
Yet CAROLINE, abandoned and denied,  
With many a filial tear bedews his tomb,  
While the base heir throws every portal wide,  
And bids th' intemperate roar loud echo through the dome.

## XX.

Soon EDWARD's scanty means grew scantier still,  
His cure supplies but food and coarse array ;  
No more the college rents his coffers fill,  
And all his former hoard melts fast away.  
Two blooming infants graced the nuptial bed,  
The mother's transport, and the father's pride ;  
Yet oft he clasped the babes, and sighing said,  
" How shall your wretched sire for all your wants provide ! "

## XXI.

O miserable man ! from day to day  
How must thy sad and sickening heart recoil,  
To see that tender frame the patient prey  
Of wasting penury and servile toil !  
She, who so late beheld a numerous band,  
Each with preventing with officious care,  
A household drudge become ! with slavish hand  
The nightly bed to dress, the daily meal prepare !

XXII. " Why



## XXII.

“ Why droops my EDWARD ?” thus she oft would cry,  
“ These little tasks my vacant hours beguile ;  
“ No labour wearies when my lord is by,  
“ No grief depresses if my EDWARD smile.”—  
—“ O my lost CAROLINE ! my ruined wife !  
“ By me, accursed wretch ! to misery driven !  
“ How can I see thee drag this abject life,  
“ Smile midst the cruel scene, and hope to be forgiven ?”

## XXIII.

“ Not so, my love,” she cried, “ my choice was free,  
“ Nor would I now for worlds that choice forego,  
“ ’Tis peace, ’tis happiness to dwell with thee,  
“ Midst every ill that poverty can know.”  
Thus would she strive—but ah ! she strove in vain,  
To heal the wound that festered in his soul ;  
His love, his fortitude could scarce restrain  
The still returning sigh, the bitter tear control.

## XXIV.

Meantime her little strength the fair forsook,  
Yet still her mind its wonted vigour knew ;  
Faint was her voice, and meager was her look,  
While her flushed cheek retained a crimson hue.  
Now EDWARD'S pen (his shame, his pride subdued)  
Too late implored his EMMA'S generous aid ;  
Too late—for ah ! each day, each hour he viewed  
The hectic fire steal on, and every pulse invade.

## XXV.

That mighty grief which bursts the swelling heart,  
Fatal, though slow, upon his spirit preys ;  
He hangs despairing o'er his dearer part—  
When EMMA comes expiring hope to raise.  
“ Take back,” she said, “ what once you nobly gave,  
“ Our fruitful glebe will all our wants supply.”  
“ Ah me !” he faintly cried, “ no wealth can save—  
“ The rapid plague devours—my CAROLINE must die.”

XXVI. “ No,

## XXVI.

" No, EDWARD, no—if aught has power to heal,  
" If tenderness can sooth, and art restore,  
" Soon shall thy bride returning vigour feel,  
" And all this weight of anguish be no more.  
" By day, by night, the languid couch I'll guard,  
" Watch every look, alleviate every pain,  
" And pitying Heaven shall all our cares reward."—

Alas ! the doom is sealed, and human aid is vain !

## XXVII.

How shall the Muse the tragic scene recite ?  
Let fancy paint what words can never speak.—  
See EDWARD, now a withered, shapeless sprite,  
Crawl to his love, and bathe her dying cheek !—  
Hear her last, faltering breath her husband bless !  
See the last pang distorting all her charms !  
O ! see her gasping, feebly strive to press  
Her little helpless babes, and die in EDWARD's arms !

## XXVIII.

Disease sweep on !—the grief-worn wretch release !—  
 At length he feels the last, the friendly blow ;  
 He lies extended on the bed of peace,  
 For death is peace to virtue and to wo :  
 When EMMA seeks his couch, and smiling cries,  
 “ No more in poverty shall EDWARD pine,  
 “ Cold as his fire thy churlish brother lies,  
 “ The victim of debauch, and all his wealth is thine.”

## XXIX.

“ Alas,” he cried, “ my treasure is in Heaven !—  
 “ Ah ! what is wealth to him who gasps for breath ?  
 “ My soul now purged from all its earthly leaven,  
 “ Looks back with scorn, and springs to welcome death !  
 “ Yet, POWER SUPREME, I bless thy righteous will,  
 “ That frees my children from the pangs of want !—  
 —“ O EMMA ! guard them—keep from every ill,—  
 “ And in their infant minds the seeds of virtue plant.”

XXX. The

## XXX.

The scene is closed.—And thou, who fain wouldst ken

The ways of Heaven, the sacred volume see,

*“ Gold in the fire is tried, accepted men*

*In the sharp furnace of adversity.”*

At EDWARD'S fate shall mortal man repine ?

Lift up the eye of faith ! behold on high

The happy pair midst choirs of angels shine,

Blest with unchanging love, and never more to die.





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## OCCASIONAL POEMS.

OCCASIONAL FORMS

OCCASIONAL POEMS.

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THE  
OLDE AND NEW BARRONE.\*

**A** Brother bard, I trow, who has mickle witte in his pate,  
Has sung of a worshipful squire, whose means and waste were  
great;

He lived in golden daies when Elizabeth ruled the state,  
And kept a noble house at the olde bountiful rate. †

Like an olde courtier of the Queen's,  
And the Queen's old courtier.

\* See, The Olde and Young Courtier.—Reliques Anc. Poet. Vol. II.

158 OLDE AND NEW BARRONNE.

But, lest our sonnes should say "former times were better  
than these,"

We'll look still further backe, if the courteous reader please,  
An hundred years or twain after William crossed the seas,  
When our fathers lived, I guesse, in great fear and little ease.

Like olde villaines of their Lorde,

And their Lorde's old villaines.

The Baronne, proud and fierce, then kept his castle wa',  
From whence, though high and steep, ye could see nothing at a',  
But a danke and dismall moore, and a wide bridge made to  
draw

Over a moate so green, and so stinking, ye cried—faugh !

Like an olde Baronne of the lande,

And the lande's olde Baronne.

His



His chambers large and dimme, with gaudy painting dight,  
But like no earthly thing e'er seen of mortal wight,  
With chimnies black with smoke, and windows of greate  
height,

That let in store of winde, but marvellous little light.

Like an old Baronne of the lande,

And the lande's olde Baronne.

There in a hall so wide, and colde as any stone,  
He fed, in freezing state, idle fellows a hundred and one,  
With black and bushy beards and bloode red armour on,  
Who, when he gives the worde, to rapine and slaughter are  
gone.

Like an olde Baronne of the lande,

And the lande's olde Baronne.

Beneath

160 OLDE AND NEW BARRONNE.

Beneath his flintie tower a noisome dungeon lies,  
Where many wretches pine unseen of mortal eyes,  
They waste the night and day in sobs and doleful cries,  
Ah! never mo, poor souls! ye'll ken the chearful skies.

Like an olde Baronne of the lande,

And the lande's olde Baronne.

His Ladie was indeed a faire and comely flower,  
But she was nothing more than first slave in her bower,  
She little converse had with her Lord so stiff and stowre,  
For women he mote deem but toyes for idle hour.

Like an olde Baronne of the lande,

And the lande's olde Baronne.

No studie the Baronne had, for bookes he could na' reede,  
 Ne yet for learned men did he e'er trouble his heade,  
 A burley priest he payd to sing masse for his father deid,  
 And purge the living lorde——perdie there was marvellous  
 neede.

Like an olde Baronne of the lande,  
 And the lande's olde Baronne.

If any chiefs less strong provok'd his savage ire,  
 Their tenants fields and woods he wastes with sword and  
 fire,

Their castels a' are brent, and midst the smoking pyre,  
 Their poor defenceless wives, their prettie babes expire.

Like an olde Baronne of the lande,  
 And the lande's old Baronne.

160 OLDE AND NEW BARRONNE.

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 Their poor defenceless wives, their prettie babes expire.

Like an olde Baronne of the lande,  
 And the lande's old Baronne.



Ah ! dismal daies were these of outrage and of woe !  
 Such daies as I foresee our sonnes shall never know,  
 For a race of Nobles new, prophetick Muses show,  
 Who, tho' some simple be, are better than th' olde, I trow.

Like a new Baronne of the King's,  
 And the King's new Baronne.

Instead of rocky tower, all wrapt in fullen gloome,  
 Rise structures faire and graunde as those of ancient Rome,  
 With sloping lawns where flowers and shrubs luxuriant  
     bloom,  
 And streames that smiling flow in bankes that breathe per-  
     fume.

Like a new castlle of the londe,  
 And the londe's new castlle.

In feats like these, I wis, a far superior kinde,  
The faire, the learn'd, the gay, shall cast their cares behinde,  
And, when the feast is done, a nobler joy shall finde  
In wise and sweet discourse, the banquet of the minde.

Like a new guest of the Baronne,  
And the Baronne's new guest.

The artes of civil life shall then be duly taught,  
And dear domestick peace the first of blessings thought;  
The women, slaves no more, by men shall aye be fought  
As guides, companions, friends,—for so, in sooth, they ought.

Like polish'd damselles of the courte,  
And the courte's polish'd damselles.

The lorde shall still receive his rents for house and lande,  
 But not to feede and swill a wilde tumultuous bande;  
 Defended by the lawes, the weak secure shall stande,  
 And every poore man eate the labour of his hand.

Like a free subject of the King's,  
 And the King's free subject.

In senates grave and sage, the Peere, a patriot growne,  
 Shall watch the publick good as dearly as his owne,  
 Our glory strive to spread, where'er the sunne has shone,  
 And raise his loyal arme to guard, not shake the throne.

Like a true Noble of the King's,  
 And the King's true Noble.

Yet such as these, in troth, ye mun expect but few,  
Some new Baronnes shall be ne wise, ne just, ne true,  
But so close shall their pawes be pared they little harm can  
do:

Then happy daies are these, reserv'd, my sonnes, for you!

Like free-born men of old Englonde,  
And old Englonde's free-born men,

E P I S T L E

FROM POMPEY IN THE COUNTRY TO HIS MISTRESS  
IN TOWN.

**L** I F E is cut into portions of good and of ill,  
Of the first we but taste, of the last have our fill :  
This, they tell us at least, is the fortune of man—  
And dog-fortune too is on just the same plan.  
His sweet little morsels poor Pompey has had,  
And now he must gulp down abundance of bad,  
—Yes, set is the fun of my prosperous and gay day,  
When fed by the hand of a charming young lady ;  
Belov'd by my mistress, by servants attended,  
By comers and goers carefs'd and befriended ;

I sported



EPISTLE FROM POMPEY. 167

I sported with Puffs, or on warm mat reclin'd,  
With great satisfaction of body and mind.  
But now am I sentenc'd to live at a poor rate,  
In the parsonage-cabbin of slovenly curate.  
From a sprightly young puppy, brisk, courteous, and witty,  
And, pray let me add too, remarkably pretty,  
By living with inmates as dull as a log,  
I am grown a coarse, glum, philosophical dog.

But had I not heard of a far higher sphere,  
Perhaps I might still have been satisfied here;  
Well pleas'd to frisk out with my black-coated master,  
And, barking, invite him to trot along faster;  
Then, seizing his skirts when his great coat he throws off,  
To shew my affection by tearing his clothes off;

168 EPISTLE FROM POMPEY.

Or stretch'd on the hearth gnawing madam's old shoe,  
Or slumbering as sweet as the cit in his pew.

But all these delights are grown trivial and poor,  
Since long-ear'd Miss Flora first yelp'd at the door :  
The elegant lady, who usher'd her in,  
Esteems her, they say, for her very fine skin ;  
And has made her companion for dogs of high station,  
By a very polite and complete education ;  
Yet she deign'd to converse with so rustic a spark,  
And we had an intelligent *tete à tete* bark.

I find, at this season, to London's thick air  
All dogs of good-breeding and fashion repair ;  
There, on sophas of sattin delighted they lie,  
Or reposing on carpets of Persia's bright die,

Or,

EPISTLE FROM POMPEY. 169

Or, with ears all prick'd up, from proud fashions behold  
Stars and garters roll by in their chariots of gold.  
But some of our race, with amazement I heard,  
Walk erect on two legs, and are highly preferr'd ;  
When by foreign wig-weavers their heads are deck'd out,  
They're convey'd in sedans to the concert or rout,  
And learning to bark in a soft pretty way,  
Are admir'd by the fair and carels'd by the gay :  
But sure, if my person as much was assisted,  
My head as well *fris'd* and my tail as well twisted,  
In air and behaviour, at opera or ball,  
Poor Pompey would shine smartest puppy of all !——

Ah ! Lady ! you're gentle and kind beyond measure—  
Then let me behold those dear regions of pleasure !  
From vallies ignoble, that scarce have a name,  
Let me fly where my talents may raise me to fame :

But

170 EPISTLE FROM POMPEY.

But ere I appear among ladies and beaux,  
Send the taylor to make me a new suit of clothes.

If this my request your indulgence should meet,  
All the trophies I gain I will lay at your feet;  
And, whether I growl, bark, or cringe into favour,  
You shall reap the best fruits of my alter'd behaviour :  
In witness whereof, in the due form of law,  
I hereunto set both my seal and my paw.

POMPEY. (L. S.)

ANSWER

A N S W E R

TO AN INVITATION TO DINE IN COMPANY  
WITH THREE LADIES, WHO WERE CALLED  
THE GRACES.

**T**O me with the GRACES on Sunday to dine,  
A kind and polite invitation you give;  
I'll gladly partake of your mutton and wine,  
If my flock will but do me the favour to live,  
  
Yet mutton, I fear, is not food for the GRACES,  
Though poets such viands with rapture survey,  
And at mere mortal wine they will make but wry faces,  
And rise from their clouds with a head-ach next day.  
  
Then get some Ambrosia, (how kind they will take it)  
With nectar, unmix'd, from the good folks above;  
And CUPID can fend you (he knows how to make it)  
A slice of cold pudding to settle our love.

His



172 DULWICH GHOST.

His arrows, they tell us, with pure gold are headed,

But such idle tales there's nor *gumption*, nor good in ;  
I'm told by a matron, who thrice has been wedded,

Love tips his best darts with a piece of cold pudding,

---

DULWICH GHOST;

WRITTEN AT DULWICH, AS A TASK BEFORE  
DINNER.

THE task you give, SELENE fair,  
Is heavier far than I can bear ;  
And yet the penalty's so great  
That I must write in spite of fate,  
For, to a priest, the loss of dinner  
Is worse than unconverted finner.  
And yet I scarce more words can find,  
Than lovers, when they'd break their mind,

Who

Who stammer, hesitate, and cry,  
Ma'am—Miss—hem—eyes—confess—love—die.

Say, shall it be or song or sonnet ?  
Or epigram on new-made bonnet ?  
Or cap, which, void of shame or grace,  
Veils half the beauties of your face ?  
Or shall I sing of PUFF the young,  
Or elder \* PUFF with scolding tongue ?  
Or shall I hail thy hour of birth,  
And call air, water, fire, and earth,  
To aid th' important theme before us,  
And join in universal chorus ?  
Then hills and rocks must learn to speak,  
And pigs in eulogy to squeak,

\* A cat and kitten.

And

And every animal combine  
 To prove SELENE all divine.  
 But now, so trite is this ado,  
 They'll say 'tis false, tho' spoke of you.

Yet, if I do not tell the morn,  
 She ne'er was bright, till thou wast born,  
 Nor bid the brutes, with humble duty,  
 Tune their soft pipes to hail thy beauty,  
 Nor call the elements to dance,  
 Like any frisky dame of France,  
 Though you may frown, I must declare  
 Courts seldom see a nymph so fair.

Let modish beauty sweep along,  
 Exact the tributary song,

And

And proudly claim the adoration  
 Of every coxcomb in the nation ;  
 While sweet SELENE takes no care  
 " Who chafes, or where " admirers " are,"  
 Shuns folly, tho' in birth-day clothes,  
 And scorns the praise a fop bestows.—

Yet this is but to introduce  
 What I must pen for general use,  
 And surely I shall doubly shine,  
 Since now I *write* that I may *dine*.

---

\* WE have heard many stories of goblins and ghosts,  
 White horses, white asses, white mules, and white posts ;

\* A report was circulated at Dulwich, that a ghost haunted  
 the high road, running along by the side of passengers from the  
 wood to the tap-house, where he always disappeared, and at  
 last had his head broke by the patrol.

But

176 D U L W I C H G H O S T .

But there ne'er was a spirit of any condition  
That once could compare with this new apparition.

Sing ghost, host,—bake, boil and roast—

Nor patty nor pudding,

With all that is good in,

Can cheer a man's heart like a nutmeg and toast.

Most spectres, you know, are to church-yards confin'd,  
Where they sit, penferoso, on tomb-stones reclin'd;  
Our spirit has no such dismal abode,  
But foots it about on his Majesty's road.

Sing ghost, host,—take care of the post—

For I got a huge knock,

And am black as the stock,

With jumping aside to make room for the ghost.

Some



Some spirits, proud creatures ! converse from the skies,

And give us the trouble to lift up our eyes ;

Our spirit, so humble, on earth stumps along,

And I think if you'd ask him, he'd give you a song.

Sing ghost, host—I'm frightened almost—

Pray bring me some brandy,

Or what is most handy—

So—thank ye—now, stand by !—let's have a clear coast.

That rogue Will-o'-whisp, Jack-a lanthorn, or John,

Will lead you astray, and then, whisk ! he is gone ;

But our John-a-lanthorn's a very safe guide,

And just like a lap-dog trips close by your side.

Sing ghost, host—Heigho, for my toast !—

Ah ! pretty Miss Nancy,

I've a very great fancy—

But O ! to my love you're as deaf as a post !

Some spirits will talk you quite out of your senses,  
And scold you, like fruit-wench, for former offences ;  
Our ghost no such height of impertinence reaches,  
And scorns to offend by such ungenteel speeches.

Sing ghost, host—who rules the roast ?

A sweet female sprite

That I dreamt of last night,

Who came in a cloud from the Cyprian coast,

Most ghosts, the reverse of all bodies terrestrial,

Have nothing about 'em but ichor celestial,

They live on the dew-drops that hang on cold nightshade,

Which makes them so dull, that you'll scarce find a bright  
shade.

Sing ghost, host,—Why do you boast ?—

“ Is that, fir, your snuff-box ?

It seems but a rough box”—

“ Snuff !”—Bless me ! dear fir, this is powder of post.

Our

Our ghost has a body as well as a soul,  
For he got a huge knock from one Mr. Patrole,  
And the blood streamed so fast, that it's certainly clear  
He lives not on dew, but on lusty strong beer.

Sing post, host—Alas! my poor ghost!

I swear 'tis a pity

A spirit so witty

Should be huff'd so, and cuff'd so, and slaughtered almost.

But to make this assertion the more understood,

That beer he loves better than spiritual food,

He runs from the wood, the right place for a sprite,

And, lo! at the tap-house he bids you good night.

Sing host, ghost,—Bring me some toast—

For, as I'm a sinner,

I've lost a good dinner,

Because I'm as stupid and dull as a post,

EPISTLE to Mrs. \* \* \* \*.

Great Queen-street, December 1784.

O Thou ! whose lyre seducing, sweet though wild,  
 Mirth-breathing, summons to thy rural seat  
 Thy undeserving poet, hail, all hail !—  
 Fain would the muse, thrice-honoured lady, taste  
 Thy bounteous cheer ; thou know'st to modern bards  
 How dear the frothy ale and smoking ribs ;  
 For O ! Parnassus yields nor beer, nor beef !  
 At sight of thee, Sir Loin, fat-teeming, brown,  
 Smiling on Sunday board of courteous squire,  
 The curate, all the meagre week condemned  
 To mutton cold, or chop, dry, pickleless,  
 Impatient grasps his penetrating blade,

Like

Like Shylock, eager for the pound of flesh ;  
 Wags his moist tongue and wets his quivering lip,  
 And while the morsel sweet his maw distends  
 He scorns the food which swells the paunch of Gods  
 Ambrosia. — Guardian Spirits ! that around  
 Hang on your golden wings and long to taste,  
 Witness, what rapture swells the poet's soul,  
 When in the weeping sides of mighty beef  
 His forked spear he plunges ! — Such the joys  
 That well-fed Christmas to his votaries brings.

Thou too, rich nectar of the demi gods  
 Who sit in secret conclave, half obscured  
 By clouds of mortal smoke, at weekly club,  
 Thou pride and boast of Britain, far-famed Pur.  
 O ! dear to throats half frozen by the cold !



Nor can I thee forget, delicious cate,  
Of flesh and fruit compounded ! highly prized  
Of school-boy, oft beheld with ardent gaze  
Piled tier on tier upon the marbled slab  
Of apron'd pastry-cook ; thee, whom the wight  
With broad-brim'd hat, a neckcloth fair, and hose  
Of snuff-colour, in holy zeal hath named  
*Time pie* ; for thee, though served at Christmas tide,  
His dame, with fable hood, her plate presents  
And chews, O shame ! the superstitious food !  
Sweet though thou art, none sweeter, yet not thou  
Alone, nor beer, nor beef, nor turkey huge,  
Invite my willing footsteps to the hall  
Of friendship ; joys superior, converse gay,  
The ready jest, the long-continued laugh  
Of loud festivity, the song, the dance

Jovial,

Jovial, bewitching.—See the gauze-clad train  
 Of virgins, and the fatten-vested youths  
 Stand side by side, and now they bound, they fly  
 (While the shrill tabor rends the distant roof)  
 Through all the moving host—they halt, they wheel,  
 Hands fix and back again!—O sport divine!  
 They turn their partners! Can LE PICQ do more?

Such, such, O Lady! are the dear delights  
 Which now you bid me share—and could this arm  
 Pluck up the seated church, with all its flock,  
 Barbers and butchers, undertakers grim,  
 And white-wig'd mealmen, by the lofty tower  
 Uplifting, on Atlean shoulders broad  
 I'd bear the mighty mass, and speed my way  
 To jollity and joy: But O! the fane

Fixed as the rooted oak remains, and I  
 Must with it tarry; scarce one moon has wained  
 Since from the Kentish wilds I came, where long  
 With aunts and grandmothers and graziers rich  
 I sat carousing; yet perchance ere spring  
 Robes the brown hill thy bard may tread thy courts,  
 Unless, for so he heard a sweet bird sing,  
 The two-horse coach, swift as Apollo's car,  
 Should bear thee to the proud metropolis.

Till then farewell—all pleasures crown thy board!—  
 —The Bell-man sounds—O cease thy horrid din!  
 Nay ring no more—a penny thou shalt have.—

TO CLEORA:

BEFORE MARRIAGE.

AH ! who can tell how hard it is to keep  
 The wandering heart, accustomed oft to stray !  
 Ah ! who can tell how many a dame must weep  
 The loss of sprightly swain and lover gay,  
 By all admired, by all too drawn away !  
 While she who fixes on some virtuous wight,  
 Tho' dull he seem, ne shine in giddy play,  
 Shall find him never weary of her sight,  
 Ne wooing other love by day nor yet by night.

But then I ween (as prudent matrons learn)  
 Her constant study be to please her mate,  
 And even in trifles to his humour turn ;  
 If he this garb or that should chauce to hate,

She

She cast it off, as fashion out of date ;  
With person ever neat and smiling face,  
And tongue that knows ne taunt, ne loud debate :  
In such, each charm that gladdens life we trace—  
Most happy man is he, whose board she deign to grace !

O fillie youths ! who such a bride exchange  
For all that wealth and fame and power bestow !  
O fillie dames ! who force your lords to range  
In search of gentler language, kindness mo,  
Than you yourselves will give, yourselves will show !  
This simple truth each wedded dame may trust,  
She bears the key of happiness or wo—  
Let her be courteous, kind, complying, just,  
Then never doubt his love, for, certes, love he must.



TO JULIET.

FRESH was the mead, and sweet each opening flower,  
Rich was the grove, the varied prospect gay ;  
Young Pleasure seemed to smile in every bower,  
Soft Melody to breathe on every spray.

But now, nor meads, nor groves, nor landscape wide  
Invite my gaze, for all is wrapt in shade :  
Through every path wan Sorrow seems to glide,  
Harsh Discord seems to shriek in every glade.

Ah,

Ah, Juliet ! why this change ? Does Nature frown,  
Or sickening Fancy dim the lively green ?  
Can Summer mourn in robes of russet brown ? —  
Alas ! my mind is changed, and not the scene.

My tongue, unpractised in the winning strain,  
That draws from Beauty's eye the pitying tear,  
Calls on its Juliet's name, but calls in vain,  
To Juliet pleads—but Juliet will not hear !

Perhaps the specious eloquence of art,  
(By me untried) th' obdurate fair might move,  
Yet simple is the language of the heart,  
And faltering is the voice of genuine love.

But

But ah ! no more of love—for Juliet flies,

If to that point thy daring wishes tend ;

Her virgin heart the frigid maid denies,

Rejects the lover, but accepts the friend.

Come then, sweet friend—thy converse let me share,

Partake thy pleasures and thy griefs divide ;

I'll guard thee, Juliet, with fraternal care,

And woo thee as a sister, not a bride.

When Fate to thee some happier youth shall join,

(Why steals this sudden sickness o'er my heart ?)

Though lost to me, may every bliss be thine,

Which mutual love and virtue can impart !

## V E R S E S

WRITTEN FOR A YOUNG LADY,

TO BE SENT TO A BRIDE ON THE MORNING  
OF HER MARRIAGE.

CONSTANTIA, wake! behold the bridal train  
 Attend to guide thee to the hallowed fane ;  
 The marriage-song a rose-lipped cherub sings,  
 And fans the kindling torch with golden wings.

Friend of my youth ! if now that name can move,  
 If feeble friendship be not lost in love,  
 Still in thy breast some little place assign  
 To her, whose virgin heart is wholly thine ;  
 For thee she drops a fond, an anxious tear,  
 Breathes many a vow as fervent as sincere ;

TO A BRIDE.

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And, though she never felt a poet's fire,  
For thee she boldly sweeps th' astonished lyre;  
Affection teaches what the muse denies,  
And all the power of poesy supplies.  
O! may young Joy his genial influence shed  
And plant his roses in the path you tread,  
Long may they bloom, and thou each happy morn  
Extract their sweets, but never find a thorn.

To



T O A L A D Y,

WHO FILLED UP THE SPACES IN HER POCKET  
BOOK, USUALLY ALLOTTED TO MEMORAN-  
DUMS AND OBSERVATIONS, WITH EXTRACTS  
FROM THE POETS AND MORAL WRITERS.

**F**ROM many a shore the skilful artist brings  
Those gems which decorate the brow of kings,  
And in one diadem collected shines  
Each bright production of an hundred mines :  
So, from the modern bard and sage of yore,  
Serena draws her literary store ;  
Explores the polished works of mental toil,  
And many a gem extracts from many a foil.

While

While trifling minds their weekly pages load  
With learned strictures on the varying mode ;  
Or note what coxcombs wear, what witlings say,  
What fop to-morrow comes, what fool to-day ;  
Serena bids her little volume shine  
With the full period, or the tuneful line,  
And, where we look for folly, charms the eye  
With nervous prose, or lays that never die.

O ! rich in sense, which taught thy early youth  
To sacrifice to Virtue and to Truth ;  
And bade thee, to exterior beauty blind,  
Adorn th' unfading graces of the mind :  
O rich in temper, which can best sustain  
The heavy load of intellectual pain,  
Disarm resentment, hush domestic strife,  
And dissipate the gloom of human life ;

Temper, which ne'er thy gentle breast shall quit,  
More loved than beauty, and more prized than wit;  
On future prospects turn thy searching eyes,  
See golden days in bright succession rise:  
For though a passing cloud the skies deform,  
Soon shall the sun disperse the transient storm:  
The best may bend with accidental woe,  
But lasting evil Virtue cannot know.

A I R.

A I R.

**H**ARK! the loud whirlwind rocks yon antique tower!

Tremendous thunders seem to burst the skies!

While Laura, starting from her shattered bower,

To Henry's arms in speechless terror flies.

Yet though, sweet maid! each desolating wind

Shook the wide earth, and heaved the roaring flood,

Let no vain fears assault thy guiltless mind,

For HE who points the storm defends the good,

---

I N V O C A T I O N.

**O**E'R the dark tomb the mournful cypress waves,

The pale moon glimmers through the breaking clouds,

While fancy paints, slow rising from their graves,

The midnight spectres shivering in their shrouds!

Shade of my buried love! O! bless my sight!

Ascend, dear maid! in bloom immortal dressed!

Point to the mansions of celestial light,

And bid me follow thee to endless rest.

To

T O S E M P R O N I A.

**W**HILE bards like me with feeble hand essay

To grasp the sickly laurels of a day,

Thine be the praise, all other praise above,

To shine the pattern of connubial love,

The craving moan of hunger to appease,

And smooth the brow of querulous disease ;

Led by those glorious daughters of the sky,

Firm Faith, bright Hope, eternal Charity !

O ! learn, my soul, to quench th' ignoble flame

That idly burns for perishable fame !

Be truly wise, and catch celestial fire,

Which not the Muses, but the Saints inspire :

So gain the wreath no envy can deny,

A wreath still fresh when earthly glories die.

F I N I S.





